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SEPTEMBER 17, 1982

nn McLaughlin asks:
AIWAN SELLOUT?
—See page 1132

NATIONAL REVIEW

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THE STRUGGLE OVER THE ROLE OF THE COURT

ROBERT BORK

THE CASTROIZATION OF GRENADA

KEITH CHARLES

Also In This Issue: 'A Star Is Born,' Auberon Waugh on Princess Sourpuss ◆ 'Stick 'Em Up,' Wm. F. Buckley Jr. v. NBC's Savitch ◆ Plus Bethell, Hart, Bradford, Hazelton, Williamson

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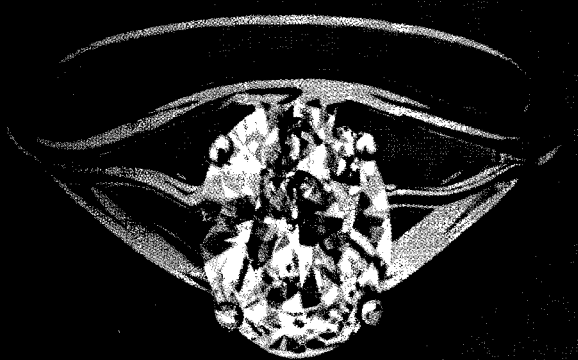

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NATIONAL REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 17, 1982
VOL. XXXIV, NO. 18
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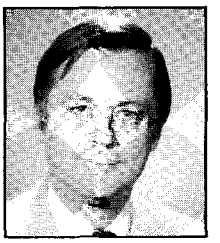

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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Letters

As Clear as Mud

Despite the nickname "the Great Communicator," Ronald Reagan ["Reaganomics without Reagan," by Joseph Sobran, Sept. 3] has disappointed those of us who hoped that he would sit down with the American people and teach them a clear lesson in economics. For too long Presidents have gone on about budgets, deficits, GNPs, CPIs, and OMBs, as if we all had economic degrees sewn on our sleeves. The only real innovator was Gerald Ford, who was willing to test his hand-eye coordination with colorful charts.

Reagan has so concentrated on getting measures passed that he has forgotten to explain their purposes to the people. That's why citizens still think supply-side economics equals the old trickle-down theory. And that's why so many Americans are afraid of being trickled on.

Joan B. Alvin
Yonkers, N.Y.

Demands to Differ

Messrs. Gann and Bernstam ["Soviet Vulnerabilities," Aug. 20] are wrong on just about every point.

There is no "Red Army." It was abolished in 1946 and replaced by the *Soviet* Army. The change in nomenclature is more than cosmetic. The Soviet Army is wholly integrated into the Soviet system. It is just as much an instrument of oppression as is Gulag. Military rule would be about as popular with the "Russian" masses as with the Polish masses.

There is no "old" confidence in Marxism-Leninism. The hope (of Gann and Bernstam) for a "new adherence" to "traditional creeds" is simplistic. The Soviet system —including, most fundamentally, the Soviet Army—is designed to destroy "traditional creeds."

We all hope for the liberation of Soviet nationalities. The Soviet Army is *not* the instrument.

Peter Oboe
Chevy Chase, Md.

In Gratitude

What a scoop for *NR*!—Edmund Morris's essay on his return visit to Africa ["Tears for the Beloved Country," Aug. 6]. Those of us who have followed the fate of that continent—and who contemplate its tragic future—are in deep debt to you for publishing this magnificent essay. The writing reminds one of that other brilliant man, V. S. Naipaul—except that Edmund Morris has greater compassion for his subjects.

Mrs. Bertram D. Wolfe
Palo Alto, Calif.

Unstable Solution

Re: Your paragraph on South Africa's "interesting" new political arrangement ["The Week," Aug. 20]: Following so quickly the sensitive plea of Edmund Morris [Aug. 6], it avoids what your magazine deals with so well—reality. The continued exclusion of any representation from the majority "tribe" in South Africa is but the tip of Prime Minister Botha's attempt to entrench his party's supremacist philosophy of apartheid. In addition, the three houses of the proposed new legislature are to be divided so that a white majority is assured. The decision-making process is so byzantine that any important issue will be dealt with by a council controlled by Botha's own party.

What is apparent is that Botha is mastering public relations, while undercutting any attempt by other parties to form a consensus for progress in South Africa. Even the most dispassionate viewer of South African politics reels at such hypocrisy and is rightfully concerned by the potential instability which might erupt unless a true solution is found within South Africa.

Brian D. Saunders
San Pedro, Calif.

Zeitgeist or Bust?

Perhaps Thomas Molnar ["Socialism, Sí; Küng, No," Aug. 20] wrote more ambiguously than he intended; or perhaps I am too literal-minded. He describes the Church as domesticating socialism and allowing heretics to lead others out of the Faith; and he appears to condone these choices on the ground that "living under Providence consists also of taking risks." What is at risk, though? And are these two choices or one?

The principal heresies of the moment run as follows: The sacramental and hierarchical Church described, let's say, at Trent had its points; but our understanding is progressing as our race grows up. It is callous and unrealistic to put the salvation of individual souls ahead of the material well-being of groups. It is narrow-minded and culture-bound to insist that there is one immutable truth and that Rome possesses it. Pain is the worst thing that can happen to men, and we can and must eradicate it. A new day, in short, is dawning, and Catholics had better get with the Zeitgeist.

Combine the idea that work makes man most fully human with the denial of the sacrificial Mass and the sacerdotal priesthood, stir in some basic Christian Community—and see what a new day you've concocted. It's about as new as Geneva and Massachusetts Bay. If there aren't

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Looking Back at Watergate

Ten years ago, strange phrases began creeping into our national vocabulary: stonewalling, deep six, limited hangout, the Big Enchilada. These phrases and others, like expletive deleted and smoking gun, came to be covered by the umbrella term of Watergate.

We look at Watergate now that ten years have passed partly because we believe with Aeschylus that time teaches many lessons, and partly because we recall Santayana's dictum that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Yet Santayana was only half right. Remembering what happened is not enough. We also need to know *why*.

In this tenth anniversary year of Watergate many people remember that the system worked the way the founding fathers intended. But we knew that at the time. Indeed, right after one president resigned, the new president announced: "Our long national nightmare is over. Our Constitution works."

Yes, it worked. But why?

Certainly the courts, the congressional committees, and the special prosecutor were important. But none of them would have been effective if they were not supported by the people.

When the Supreme Court ruled in favor of turning over Oval Office tape recordings, the President was forced to comply because the people demanded it. Another president, Andrew Jackson, successfully ignored a Supreme Court decision against his plan to move American Indians west of the Mississippi. "Justice Marshall made his decision," Jackson thundered. "Now let him enforce it." Jackson succeeded because he had public backing. During Watergate the people backed the courts.

The people supported gavel-to-gavel TV coverage of the Senate Watergate hearings because of their desire to know for themselves what happened. Support was so great that the hearings received better ratings than the soap operas they pushed off the air.

The House impeachment committee announced it would not go to court to enforce its subpoena of Watergate tapes. The subpoena could have been ignored. It wasn't because the people supported the committee.

When the Watergate special prosecutor was fired and his office abolished, it was public protest that forced the office to be reopened and a new special prosecutor appointed. The new prosecutor had no statutory tenure. He could have been fired as well. He wasn't because the people would not have stood for it.

Had the people viewed the actions of the courts, Congress, or the special prosecutor as unfair or unwise, the President could have ignored those actions. The people would have supported him. The people judged otherwise and the system worked.

A decade's passage of time has prompted many to write where-are-they-now stories about those who took part in the Watergate drama. But Watergate a decade later is not about them. It's about all of us as Americans. And what we learn from Watergate tells us more about ourselves than about our system. Watergate teaches us that only an informed, interested citizenry can ensure that the system works. It's a lesson we never can learn too well.

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Meeting Japan's Challenge

Ninth in a Series

HAS JAPANESE INNOVATION REPLACED GOOD OLD YANKEE INGENUITY?

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Not yet. But Japan could close the gap if Americans don't try harder.

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And as innovative as these products are, new generations of microprocessors continue to open the realms of what's possible. For instance, we have announced a 32-bit version of the MC68000 that is the world's first fully upwardly compatible version of an earlier 16-bit sister machine. But that is not the point.

The point is that innovation and imagination in this field, as in others, is American. It is from this solid innovation base that we must meet Japan's challenge. As competition for world markets becomes more intense, it's this good old Yankee ingenuity that will keep us out front.

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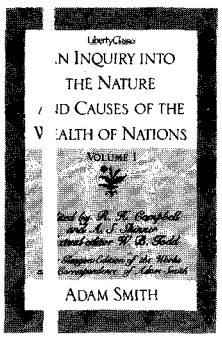

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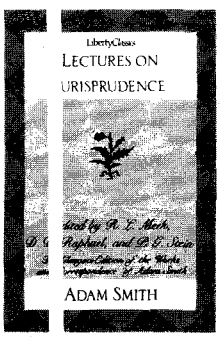

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sacramental absolution and communion, there had better be lots of productive work to *show* you've been saved.

Catholics used to know that men were most human when worshipping God. We used to know that our wounded nature made impossible a society wholly free from hunger, disease, and war. We used to know that we had a serious obligation to ease the suffering of others, and to help them to the one true Faith when we could; and we knew which mattered more because we knew the different durations of hunger and Hell.

When it comes to the heretics, meanwhile, the Church cannot simply wait for them to become "spiritually irrelevant" and go quietly to Hell. Her responsibility for their immortal souls is one reason; that they proselytize is another.

In the end Mr. Molnar says that socialism "may be interpreted as the secularized expression of the Church's concern for the poor, the weak, and the suffering." Socialism may also be interpreted as a system whose failure is already evident to the natural reason alone, whose failure a Catholic can understand as rooted in its faulty view of man, and whose embrace the Church should flee on the ground of that faulty view if on no other.

Elizabeth Olsen
Ridgefield, Conn.

His Dreams, Our Cost

Re: Barbara Fordham's letter on Trudeau [Aug. 6].

Trudeau's so-called "passionate desire" to retain a French Quebec in a unified Canada has failed miserably. During his "reign" we have seen the emergence of two large separatist movements in Canada: the PQ (Parti Québecois) of Quebec and the WCC (Western Canada Concept) in the West.

Trudeau's "heart" has obviously overtaken his head; he will fight to save his "dreams" at any cost simply to feed an over-inflated ego.

As a bilingual Canadian originally from Quebec, let me state that Trudeau's "dreams" have turned into a nightmare for all Canadians whatever their origin and in whatever province they live.

Christine Sazie
Calgary, Alta.

Accountability

Sidney Koretz, in his letter to the editor of August 20, asks: "What happens if large corporations are publicly owned but required to operate in a normal commercial (profit-maximizing) manner, while allowing private ownership of small business to compete effectively in the market?"

Does Mr. Koretz have any suggestions as to *who* should do the requiring and in what manner?

Forrest E. Baker
Las Vegas, Nev.

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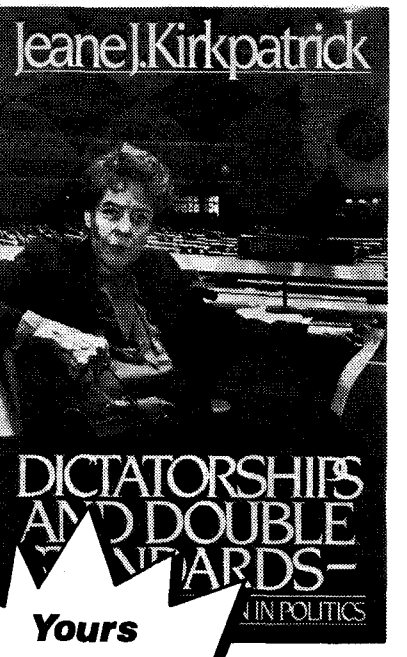

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- "The failure of the Carter administration's foreign policy is now clear to everyone except its architects, and even they must entertain private doubts from time to time about a policy whose crowning achievement was to lay the groundwork for a transfer of the Panama Canal."
- "Assisting 'change' did not lead the Carter administration to undertake the destabilization of a *Communist* country. The principles of self-determination and nonintervention are thus both selectively applied. We accepted the status quo in Communist nations (in the name of 'diversity' and national autonomy), but not in nations ruled by 'right wing' dictators or white oligarchies."

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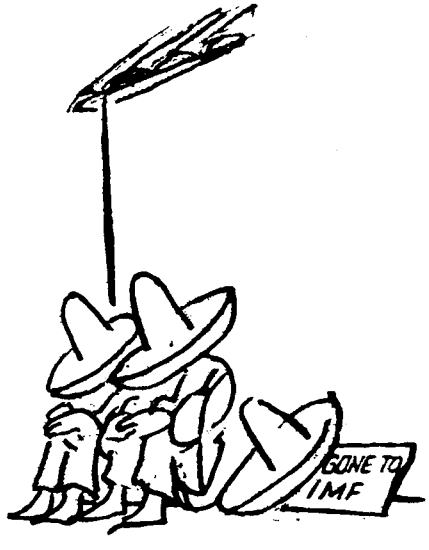
FOR THE RECORD

■ Already the talk is turning to '84. How are the leaders doing? In in-depth interview with political analyst **Richard Scammon** (conducted by *Christian Science Monitor*'s **Godfrey Sperling**), Scammon finds the President doing well. "He's hitting .305 in the four leagues he's playing in," says Scammon—communications, Congress, politics, running in '84. . . . Which is more than Scammon can say for **Edward Kennedy**, who may be skewered by his liberalism. "It is Kennedy's liberalism," says Scammon, "more than Chappaquiddick that makes it difficult for him to be nominated let alone elected." . . . Presidential historian **James MacGregor Burns** thinks Kennedy and other Democratic leaders—he names **Tip O'Neill** and **Alan Cranston**—made a bad strategic error when they supported Reagan's tax bill. "I find this lack of [Democratic opposition] very disruptive in terms of the public's view of the election. If Reagan's program doesn't work, he can blame the Democrats who went along." . . . But a recent *L.A. Times* poll shows serious Reagan weaknesses. Only 49 per cent of those who voted for RR in '80 would do so again, pollsters found. The highest defections were among blue-collar workers (40 per cent), Catholics (35 per cent), Irish (33 per cent). . . . The new Taiwan Communiqué has also not enhanced Reagan's standing with the troops, according to The Merit Report, which says that twice as many Americans (39 per cent) would like to see the U.S. side with Taiwan as with Red China (19 per cent).

■ In gubernatorial races, **Lew Lehrman** is now taken very seriously indeed as possible next governor of New York. *Washington Post* political reporter **Lou Cannon** says recent polls show Lehrman "has a realistic chance of winning [the New York gubernatorial race] on Nov. 2." . . . In which connection, there has been considerable dismay in conservative ranks at level of the campaign that pollster **Arthur Finkelstein** has waged against Lehrman in the GOP primary, which Finkelstein's man, **Paul Curran**, will lose. According to *Washington Post*, Finkelstein is also less-than-grata at the White House just now for leaking some unfriendly poll figures on Gov. **William Clements**'s race in Texas. . . . The figures are different, but all polls in Illinois now show **Adlai Stevenson III** from four to 11 points ahead of liberal Gov. **James Thompson**, running for a third term. Adlai III, who had ACU rating of 13 while in the Senate, is now taking a moderate line. . . . The Michigan gubernatorial race, all but conceded to Democratic Rep. **Jim Blanchard** (ACU, 5), has taken new life with surprise primary win of conservative businessman **Richard Headlee**. Headlee's best known previous venture into politics is his pushing through of a tax-cutting proposition in Michigan a couple of years back. . . . In various senatorial battles, Ohio State University political scientist **Herbert Asher** is not all that sure that Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** will walk all over his Republican opponent **Paul Pfeifer** (who entered race late after **John Ashbrook**'s death). "I don't see it as an automatic win. Metzenbaum is potentially vulnerable because he's so liberal." . . . Metzenbaum is one of the senators NCPAC hopes to beat, but he's a big favorite of pro-Freeze Council for a Livable World, which has poured $20,000 into his coffers, as into those of Sens. **Sarbanes** (Md.) and **Mitchell** (Me.), and senatorial aspirants **Toby Moffett** (Conn.) and **Millicent Fenwick** (N.J.)—the only Republican on the Freeze list.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

■ Here and there in the news: to argument that tuition tax credits will aid elitist middle-class families, these facts: study of 54 urban parochial schools shows 56 per cent of the students are black (31 per cent of that number Protestants); 63 per cent of families paying tuition to these schools have incomes of less than $5,000 a year. . . . Poll of blacks and whites on question: Are you confident that life for our children will be better than it has been for us? found 40 per cent of blacks "very confident," to 25 per cent for whites. . . . Boston radio station WGBH, which took 50 per cent cut in federal funds, finished its summer fund appeal a day ahead of schedule, the money had come in so well. . . . RIP for U.S. Metric Board, which closes down inches, feet, yards, miles short of its goal.

■ Lament in *Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette*: "Our government can't even make money running a gambling game rigged 2 to 1 in its favor. . . . West Virginia bingo operations showed profits for all except for federally funded Multi-CAAP of Charleston and the Wheeling Parks Commission."

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THIS WEEK

■ The *New York Times* has come out foursquare against indexing income tax rates, which is to say, has obliquely endorsed bracket creep—the liberal equivalent of the invisible hand. If the idea is not premature, why not a constitutional amendment to *require* bracket creep?

■ In the interests of guaranteeing a black congressional seat in the Georgia delegation, the state legislature had proposed to redraw the Fifth District (now represented by a white Democrat) to increase the percentage of its black population from 50 to 57. But black activists said, no, it should be 69 per cent black, because black voter turnout is low. The Justice Department compromised on 65 per cent. Meanwhile, the state primaries, and maybe even the general elections, will be delayed, since the Justice Department ruled that candidates needed time to campaign. And the only reason anyone besides black office-seekers is putting up with it is that if black voters are concentrated in one district, the chances of electing Republicans and conservative Democrats from the remaining districts become that much greater.

■ In last December's issue of *Playboy*, right before the glossies of the nude female contortionists, New York City Mayor Edward Koch had a few laughs at the expense of the folks who live in the country—the people, as Koch put it, who have to "drive twenty miles to buy a gingham dress or a Sears Roebuck suit." Sometime after the interview Koch decided to run for governor of New York State—and the rubes in upstate New York are plotting their revenge. Of the four major candidates for the governorship, only Koch is doing well on the name-recognition tests—but that doesn't mean he's doing well. The upstaters are telling anybody who asks that, come voting time, they plan to get into their stylish gingham dresses and their Sears Roebuck suits and drive twenty miles to vote for anybody but the cat from En-Wy-Cee.

■ *An Officer and a Gentleman*, this summer's recycling of a dozen Thirties and Forties boot-camp movies, will stand or fall on its aesthetic merits. But as a cultural datum, it is interesting for several reasons. First, that forty-year-old boot-camp movies are recycled at all—the military life, in this case a career as a naval aviation officer, is presented as an unambiguously honorable thing. Second, the officer candidates are shown—again without irony—jogging along, chanting ditties about napalm. *Napalm*—Jane Fonda, call your office. Finally, when a gang of townie bullies picks on the two heroes, the main bully uses, as his attack word, "Warmonger." He gets his comeuppance, in the form of a karate kick in the face. Audiences cheer. Perhaps the Sixties "antiwar" sensibility, which rejected any war so long as it was not waged by Communist guerrillas, is wearing off, even in Hollywood.

■ A new party is forming on the Left in New York, called the New Alliance Party. It appears to have plenty of funds; it publishes a weekly tabloid called the *New York Alliance*, and it has mounted a campaign to win a place on the ballot. The New Alliance Party combines trendy current themes—women's rights, tenant rights, neighborhood matters, Naderism, ecology, gay rights—with a traditional Marxist foundation: the superiority of "working-class" movements to the exertions of liberal idealists; support for the PLO and hatred of Israel; admiration for Che and Castro, the Sandinistas and the Salvadoran guerrillas; the view that the U.S. (but not the Soviet Union) is an oppressor; etc. The newspaper reserves for its special political enemies the adjective "Kocher," i.e., a supporter of liberal/pragmatic Mayor (and would-be governor) Ed Koch. The New Alliance Party represents the first attempt since 1948 to organize a hard-left political party around an essentially Communist program, and the political interest lies in seeing how well it will do and what big names it will attract.

■ Why not offer substantive help to women considering abortion rather than simply lecturing them on the immorality of killing the unborn? Abortion foes in Charlotte, North Carolina, led by the pastors at the Calvary Church there, intend to do just that. They are planning to open a Crisis Pregnancy Center—in the same downtown block as one of Charlotte's larger abortion clinics. Staffed by anti-abortionists, including obstetricians, gynecologists, nurses, ministers, and counselors, the clinic plans to operate entirely on private donations. It will offer free pregnancy tests, medical care, counseling, housing, and food and clothing for poor, unwed mothers, hoping to encourage more women to carry their pregnancies full-term.

■ Representative Frederick Richmond, Democrat of Brooklyn, entered politics as a successful businessman and liberal reformer, and his votes were usually terrible. Last week, he resigned from Congress and plea-bargained his way out of multiple potential charges. His pleas of guilty to tax evasion, marijuana possession, and illegal payments could get him up to seven years and a heavy fine. Before his last re-election, Representative Richmond had admitted to homosexual activities with teenaged boys. Among the potential charges was cocaine use. The Justice Department got Richmond out of the House. The House itself

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never took ac ion, and, as for us, we say that the House is far rom being the most exclusive club in the world.

■ It seems th Tennessee Valley Authority vanquished more than sna l darters when it built the Tellico Dam. Through a *si ght* miscalculation, it acquired 11,000 too many acr s of the best farmland in Tennessee, which is the s rt of thing that happens when you can force other pe ple off their land with eminent domain. Do you suppo e that, after learning of its mistake, the TVA gave the and back to the farmers? Don't be silly. It gave the lar l to a developer. It also gave the developer $2.6 mi ion to develop the land. Nellie McCall, a grandr other who lost her farm to the TVA, says bitterly, ' They didn't just take it. They stole it. They're just a unch of dirty people."

■ MULTIPLE C OICE. Which of the following journals, all published b students at Harvard Law School, does not receive a penny in university subsidies? 1) *The Women's Law Review*. 2) *The Environmental Law Review*. 3) *Th Harvard Journal of Law and Public Policy*. That's ight. Founded in 1978 by students concerned with t e dearth of outlets for conservative-minded schola s, *The Harvard Journal of Law and Public Policy* s now in its fifth year of living within its means (the university administration's justification for its tight-fist dness: Harvard can't support "political" publications). he *Journal* has published sharp papers by law studer s and law professors; also essays by George Roche Tibor Machan, Orrin Hatch. Planned for this year: he regular Volume Five, and a special issue on last pring's New Federalism symposium at Yale (see "The Week," *NR*, April 2). Interested paperchasers can wr e the *Journal* at Harvard Law School, Cambridge, M ssachusetts 02138.

■ In United lations circles they're learning not to mess around v ith U.S. women delegates. At the UN itself Ambassa or Jeane Kirkpatrick has taught Third World types t at their wideswinging attacks on the United States can have unhappy economic consequences. In M xico City, at a UNESCO culture meeting a fortnigh ago, it was France's turn. French Minister of Cu ture Jack Lang, to the plaudits of the crowd, lambas ed the U.S., calling for a "crusade against intelle ual and financial imperialism, which today, instead f acquiring territories, appropriates the minds [of men " He called for a stop to "the invasion of fabricated i eas, prefabricated music, and standardized products hich smother native cultures." Jean B. Girard, U.S. Ambassador to UNESCO, responded with a denunc ation of Lang and his "shopworn clichés," and fo owed up with a formal challenge to a public debat on the U.S. *v.* the French positions: Jack Lang a d the anti-American film producer Costa-Gavras . the historian Allen Weinstein (Mrs.

"Oh Burt, I'm so glad we're getting to see China before it's spoiled by American tourism and technology."

Girard's deputy) and the novelist James Michener. M. Lang did not reply. His aides explained he had left for a tour of the Mexican provinces where, it is unkindly suggested, he was picking up goodies, the peso being even more depressed than the franc, depending for its survival on Yankee imperialists.

■ Non-readers of *NR* will have missed our coverage of the Mexican crisis that has now arrived (see George Byram Lake's " 'Nothing Ever Happens in Mexico . . .' " June 11, and "On the Right" in this issue). The media in general have done an ingenious job of describing and analyzing the crisis without mentioning socialism, which is rather like writing about the problems of the Middle Ages without mentioning the Black Death.

■ An Australian businessman invested $500 in a ranch in Mexico where cats were to be crossbred with snakes, the offspring of which would shed their fur twice a year, thereby producing all sorts of nice cat fur without the cost of shearing. Another nice feature was that the csnakeats would be fed on rats grown on an adjacent ranch, and the rats in turn would be fed csnakeat carcasses. For some reason, the csnakeat rancher was arrested.

■ In the current Vatican banking scandal, they are asking a) what did the Pope know, and when did he know it, and b) whether the Vatican is going to try a modified limited hangout.

■ The United Nations Human Rights Committee charges 22 countries with human-rights abuses, none of them behind the Iron Curtain.

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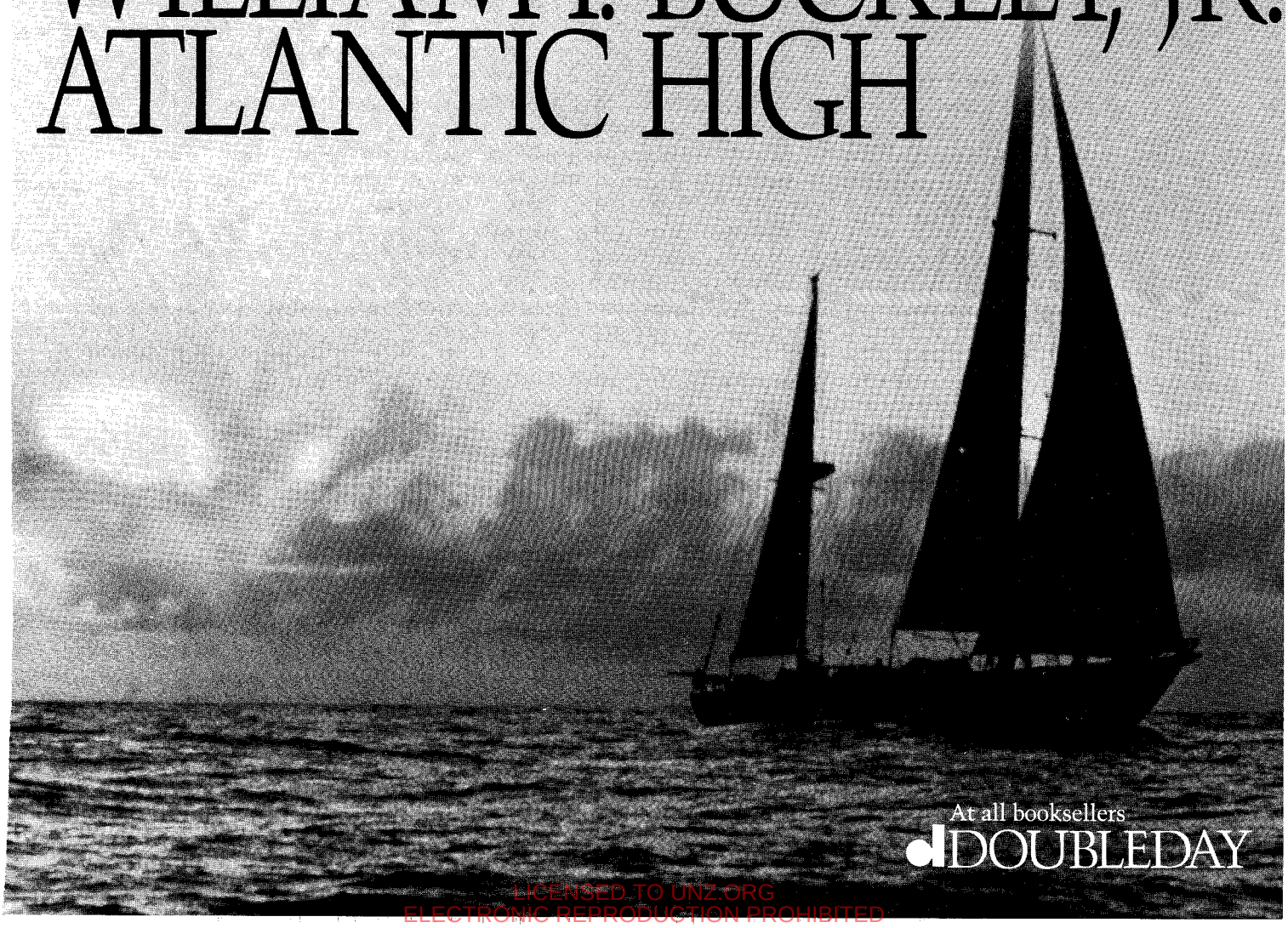
Christopher Little

Join Bill Buckley on his exuberant new voyage to the bestseller lists, and discover a Buckley you've never known, but will want to know.

ATLANTIC HIGH is a celebration of a thirty-day, 4,500-mile journey across the Atlantic, with William F. Buckley, Jr. at the helm. Accompanied by six close friends aboard the 71-foot ketch *Sealestial* ("pronounced 'celestial' by anybody who intends to board and stay aboard"—WFB), Buckley the sailor is different from Buckley the bestselling novelist or Buckley the political essayist or ferocious polemicist. As Kevin Starr said of *Airborne*, Buckley's first bestseller about sailing: "He is as arch and ironic and witty as ever; yet, under the influence of the water, he is also by turns poetic, tender, self-revealing."

Self-examination and renewal, friendship, seamanship, calms, storms, melodrama and rumination are the stuff of this very beautiful volume. Whether discoursing on celestial navigation or speculating on his chances of getting into heaven, Buckley is a provocative delight. With 93 expressive photographs, 20 in color, by shipmate Christopher Little, ATLANTIC HIGH equals and, arguably, surpasses the *Airborne* cherished by a quarter million readers. It is a book that will engross readers who will wish they had been on board, and readers who will thank heaven they were not.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.
ATLANTIC HIGH



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DOUBLEDAY

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It's blues-singing and end-of-the-affair time for Ronald Reagan and the Movement if you believe the sour talk of ranking New Righters in their sequestered Washington skull sessions these days. These conservatives have come to the bitter conclusion that the Reagan incumbency is not really relevant to the long-term growth of the Movement. They have looked about—so goes their line—and discovered that nobody is in charge.

Hitherto, when Movement leaders criticized the President in public, you had the impression that it was as much a tactic as a felt grievance—i.e., that it was a blowtorch held to the Administration's political flank to encourage it to hew more to the right. Well, all that's changed now, thanks to the Taiwan communiqué, with its critical-mass case of irreparable heartbreak. Reasonable men could differ on a $228-billion tax hike, but the Taiwan business did it with these folk.

Strong stuff? Indeed. One leader actually said: "We'd be better off with Bush in the White House." Bush's policies would be no different from Reagan's, the New Righters argue, but coming from Bush they would be a lot easier for grass-roots conservatives to judge, and for leadership conservatives to mobilize against. Many rank-and-filers simply assume that because Ronald Reagan is the accepted head of the Movement, everything that can be done on their issues is being done, whether it is abortion, tuition tax credits, school prayer, cuts in taxes and non-defense spending, or anti-Communist foreign policy. If Bush were President, that misconception would vanish, says Movement officialdom here.

What gives the thumbscrew of New Right agony an extra turn is that the other side has been so successful: libs have been mobilized to white heat by the tub-thumping, specter-raising appeals of their leaders, who point with operatic alarm to Ronald Reagan's demolition of their spendthrift, ineffectual social programs. If you accept the theory that politics is a battle fought among the militants rather than the millions, then the deep dispiriting of the Reaganites in Washington will seriously erode the President's leadership profile, and probably before '84.

What the conservative movement really needs during this period of grim soul-searching and gestation is a strategy. The time has come, it is felt, to stop focusing energies on how to influence Ronald Reagan and, instead, to focus those same energies on how to build conservative strength. Earlier, the assumption of the New Right had been that it was ready to lead. Now the question that New Righters are asking is, "Are we ready to govern?" The new strategy will be to think through the question of how the New Right would govern, expound it to the rank and file, and to the electorate at large. "So much concentration was spent on ousting the liberals," said one ranking New Righter to Cato, "and electing Ronald Reagan that people with policy objectives different from ours had a virtual free field to shape the policies of the Reagan Administration. We've got to spend a lot more time in planning the personnel and character of our next Administration."

If the foregoing is true, this would be the first time since 1936 that conservatives are without a consensus as to who their next presidential candidate should be. The consensus candidate in 1940, '44, '48, and '52 was Robert Taft; he was followed by Nixon, Goldwater, Agnew, and Reagan. Today the New Right faction of the conservative movement will tell you that Reagan is not their candidate. Oh, you can rest assured that they will ally themselves with Mr. Reagan when he takes what they see as the right side of a given issue. Also, circumstances may exist in '84 that will incline influential Movement types to back Reagan as a matter of political prudence. But one gets the impression from Washington activists that all of these will be alliances of calculation rather than passion, and certainly not of unreserved commitment.

On the other hand, the ideological hazard of conservatives is melancholy. Too many of them are congenital grousers. Give them 90 per cent, and they whine for the missing ten. Sometimes they will remind you of the *Li'l Abner* character—was his name Joe Bifstik?—who was followed wherever he went by a small raincloud that hovered right over his head, even in broad sunlight, and rained on him regularly. It might be that the Reagan geniality can lasso back the heartsick brethren, or that programatic and policy changes might be made that would reawaken and requite the congealed affections.

But one thing is clear: the prevailing break is different from anything that has gone before, in intensity, in scope, and, probably, in duration.

—CATO

■ Interest rates continue to drop like a stone, and Wall Street is jubilant. Isn't it ironic that the tax increase to "reduce the deficit" to prevent "crowding out" to lower interest rates to spur the economy will come along just in time to impoverish the economy and nip the recovery that today's lower interest rates promise?

■ The Irwin expedition failed to find the Ark, but at least they overcame Soviet protests about anybody climbing Mount Ararat, which is 18 miles from the Soviet border, which to the Soviets means that anybody who climbs it is spying. Rubbish, of course. The Soviets are scared to death that somebody will find Noah's Ark.

■ King Sobhuza of Swaziland has died after a 61-year reign, and has been buried in a secret cave known only to a few trusted tribal elders and the king's estimated one hundred wives and five hundred children; talk about the shortest-kept secret in Swazi history. Kindly do not jump to any conclusions about Africa, though. Sobhuza was in fact a kind, far-sighted, and cheerful man, and, after all, kings are an enormous improvement over what passes for leadership in certain other countries, and not only in Africa. R I P.

■ Ayatollah Khomeini, meanwhile, apparently perturbed by a lack of holiness to match his own in the Islamic world, has cordially offered to invade all his Persian Gulf neighbors if they don't stop helping Iraq blaspheme while the Soviet Union is busy helping Iran fight blasphemers.

■ No Third International Conference on Humor would

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be complete without that old card Ralph Nader: "I've always been interested in humor. It's often a way of communicating that allows things to be said that couldn't be said otherwise. I wanted to see whether you can intellectualize the process and still enjoy it. If you can do that, you have the ability to deprofessionalize humor, to decentralize it, and make it part of an ongoing community culture." Uh, right. Thanks, Ralph. We will now adjourn for lunch, after which we will hear panels on "Humor as a Mode of Consciousness-Raising among Oppressed Peoples," "Humor in the Third World," and "Humor and the Consumer Movement."

Not Such Deep Pockets

An old cartoon shows a sadistic character holding a whip over the body of a house cat. The cat, in full harness, has been trying to drag a grand piano up a flight of stairs. In the caption, the character says: "Damn cat died."

That cartoon summarizes the attitude of many lawyers and lawmakers toward Manville Corporation, the one-time blue-chip company that filed for reorganization in bankruptcy August 26. Lawyers who had hoped to make a fortune suing Manville before it went bankrupt began threatening to sue it *for going bankrupt*. Lawmakers, including Senator Dole, let it be known that they did not approve of firms going bankrupt to escape their redistributive obligations. Like the poor wretch in the song who owed his soul to the company store, big companies were put on notice: don't you dare die!

Manville was the country's biggest producer of asbestos, which turns out to have caused, after decades of incubation, cancer and other dread diseases in many of those who handled it. (It is a grim irony that asbestos is itself the archetypal safety material, having saved countless lives from fire, smoke, and heat.) Manville is now the target of 16,500 lawsuits around the country, some by its own employees but most by those who were exposed to the substance after it left Manville's hands, notably those who worked in government shipyards during World War II. It makes no difference that the hazards were largely unknown, or that Manville followed government-approved safety standards at the time. It makes no difference whether the firms that later installed the asbestos did so carefully, or instead let the fibers blow around like sawdust in a butcher shop. It makes no difference that if for some reason Manville had refused to do business with the U.S. Navy its asbestos would have been promptly requisitioned. Manville is the biggest private company in sight, and Manville must pay.

There is hardly any pretense left in product liability law of making the party most at fault pay for the damage. Judges, convinced that victims must be compensated come what may, have instead come up with the doctrine of "deep pockets," which in practice means finding and sticking the richest company around (since the government is so hard to sue). This is no more and no less defensible, morally, than making Sears provide free merchandise to the victims of house burglars. These judges, and the juries who make absurdly high awards to plaintiffs, appear to feel that big companies have deep enough pockets to pay for anything. They have just reached the bottom of one particular pocket.

Withholding Pains

The banks will be hiring thousands;
  The savings-and-loans will need scores.
More clerical types will be wanted
  At hundreds of brokerage stores.
At big corporations, where business
  Is vanishing down a deep hole,
The personnel people go bonkers
  To satisfy Senator Dole.

W. H. VON DREELE

Down the Slippery Slope

Lane Kirkland, president of the AFL-CIO, and the AFL-CIO Executive Council have adopted an unprecedented political tactic—one can hardly call it a policy—which will mire the labor movement in the muck of machine politics, a dismal fate which Kirkland's predecessor, George Meany, avoided. It is a sort of political *nostalgie de la boue*, whose end result will be to weaken the AFL-CIO. And there has been no more redoubtable anti-Communist, anti-Soviet opinion-making force in the United States than the AFL-CIO.

What Kirkland has recommended, and the AFL-CIO Council has moved, is that the labor unions take a hand in the Democratic Party primaries. The reasoning has an aura of simplicity about it:

Why should the AFL-CIO, which likes to endorse Democratic presidential candidates, get stuck again with a born loser like Jimmy Carter? Better to get into the primaries and have a say in the party's choice *before* the nominating convention instead of winding up having to choose between a Reagan and a Carter. Of course, the rank-and-file membership had no difficulty making that choice. In 1980, they voted in unprecedented numbers for the Republican candidate as against a visibly hopeless and helpless President who knew less about the war-making menace of Soviet Communism than the lowliest bricklayer. They voted Republican in 1952 and 1956 as well, choosing Eisenhower over Stevenson.

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The new AFL-CIO leadership doesn't see it that way, however, and so the presidential hopefuls—Mondale, Kennedy, Hart, Glenn, and others—will appear some time before the New Hampshire presidential primary in 1984 and ask for the AFL-CIO endorsement in that and all the other primaries.

The Kirkland ploy means that the Democratic Party will officially become the AFL-CIO party. Or do Kirkland and his confrères plan not to support a Democratic candidate whom they have not endorsed in the primaries?

The new AFL-CIO tactic is a repudiation of Meany's policy toward political parties. As quoted in the biography by Archie Robinson, Meany warned against the labor movement tying itself to a political party: "We are the only trade-union movement in the world that is truly independent—politically and every other way. We don't have any political party speaking for us; we don't have our own political party. We maintain an arm's-length arrangement with the political parties. We have very little to do with the Republican Party; we have a lot to do with the Democratic Party, but we don't run the Democratic Party and they don't run us."

Smart man, Meany. And when the Democratic convention in 1972 nominated George McGovern, Meany and the AFL-CIO Executive Council stayed neutral. Now when somebody like McGovern or Ted Kennedy is nominated, the hard-line AFL-CIO will dutifully endorse that candidate even though his principles are not those of the AFL-CIO.

The Running of the Bulls

Auspicy, or predicting the future by examining the flights of birds, and haruspicy, or predicting the future by examining the entrails of an animal, are not much in use these days. They have given way to another form of augury: foretelling the economic future by observing the stampeding of bulls. Thus in August, when the stock market kicked off its biggest rally in decades, practitioners of this new type of divination (Kauf-mancy? Dow-sing?) immediately proclaimed that recovery from the recession was assured: the economic outlook had switched in just three weeks, as the glamor magazines would put it, from Mousy to Marvelous.

Some commentators announced that the Dow was responding to, of all things, the tax hike—that the markets were, in effect, whispering, "Tax me." (As if in perverse confirmation, the stocks of cigarette, telephone, and airline companies, all hit by new taxes, rose smartly.) With somewhat more show of logic, others claimed the tax hike brought about the steep drop in interest rates that spurred the rally. They did not explain, however, why it was that short-term interest rates dropped more than long-term rates, even though the new taxes do not go into effect until next year. If Wall Street felt anything, it may have been a sense of relief that the long tax-bill ordeal was over, akin to the sort of exhilaration deer must feel when the hunting season winds up.

Some supply-siders have popularized the notion that the stock exchange accurately records each momentary shift in the political winds—that any step toward greater freedom will be faithfully reflected in a Dow uptick the same day. On the one hand, this view has never come to grips with the "random walk" distribution that experts claim to see in stock movements, unless we are to believe that political events are themselves randomly distributed. On the other hand, the theory ignores the elusive factor of "market psychology" that, however evanescent and Tinker Bell-like it may be, surely plays a role in rallies like the one at hand. Worst of all for this view, the market is sometimes plain wrong. It rallied when Nixon imposed wage-price controls in 1971, only to give up its gains within three months.

The more reasonable view is that the stock market does reflect economic and political realities, but only over the medium to long term. That means waiting to see whether the present rally endures, which is admittedly less interesting, but eventually more reliable, than the techniques of divination.

Sharon

In his recent visit to Washington, Israel's defense minister, Ariel Sharon—the Left has renamed him Caliban—made a number of cogent points: that Israel was obliged to protect its Galilean villages against Soviet Katyusha rockets; that, with the withdrawal of the PLO and the expected withdrawal of the Syrians, Lebanon can once again be a sovereign nation; that, on this point, the Israeli forces were greeted by the Lebanese as liberators; that the PLO terrorist infrastructure—which had an international aspect—has been dealt a decisive blow; that Soviet options in the region have been reduced substantially; and that the Israelis suffered numerous casualties because of tactics designed to reduce civilian casualties, despite the fact that the PLO deliberately used civilians as a shield.

The formidable defense minister makes a formidable case. At the same time, Israel seems to have suffered a psywar or propaganda defeat of considerable proportions. Casualties and property destruction were exaggerated. The media, here and in Europe, were for the first time almost uniformly hostile to Israel. The words "blitzkrieg," "Hitler," "genocide," and "carpet bombing" began to be heard.

Why? Norman Podhoretz scents antisemitism but has to expand that term to the point of sophistry in order to attempt to apply it.

More likely reasons: 1) A psychological shift of gears. Israel no longer enjoys "victim status"; it

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is no longer perceived as a David but as a regional military Goliath. 2) The PLO is financed and armed by both Saudi Arabia and the Soviet Union, and represents an anti-U.S. asset for the Soviets in the region. It therefore enjoys global leftist support, even as did the Vietcong and other "liberation movements." 3) Israel showed dramatically that force accomplishes something, a widely unfashionable idea, and therefore we have the inflation of the role of Philip Habib, the "negotiator." 4) Israel's special exemption from criticism, based upon Hitler's now forty-year-old Holocaust, has simply run out of emotional force.

All of these changes in the perception of Israel, valid and not valid, will have rippling consequences in public opinion and in Congress, make no mistake about it. They are now part of the political equation.

Israel remains an effective, a highly effective, U.S. regional ally, very tough on both terrorists and the Soviet regional interest. *Shalom*, Sharon.

Caring and Sharing

Now that the tax bill is last month's news, attention turns to spending. "For the past 18 months," writes one congressman, "we have watched as the Reagan Administration has mounted a widespread attack on many programs that are vital to our human and economic development." "We must be sure," says another, ". . . that caring New Yorkers are not put in a position of choosing between abandoning worthy programs for needy people or facing fiscal chaos."

The President, meanwhile, has attacked "unwarranted spending," and vetoed an emergency spending measure. But he has not really hammered on the point that should be stressed. It is that to the extent that "needy people" have suffered from spending cuts, it is chiefly because the federal bureaucrats pass along the cuts to the poor, rather than reducing the size of their own empires.

As the Administration starts the new counteroffensive, it would be instructive to draw up a chart showing, for each affected program: a) the total cut in spending; b) the cut in bureaucratic overhead; c) the cut in grants. Everyone knows what that chart would look like. But it is easier to notice the subjects' old clothes than the emperors' new ones.

Registering and Voting

Two young men have now been convicted of failing to register for the draft. In Roanoke, Virginia, Enton Eller, twenty, pleaded religious conviction, was found guilty, and was ordered to register within ninety days or face up to five years in prison. Across the continent, in San Diego, Benjamin Sasway pleaded, well—respect for life, or something along those lines; was found guilty, and was immediately flung into the slammer on the grounds that he might flee the country.

There is no doubt that the United States Government has the obligation to "provide for the common defense," as the Constitution puts it, and that the draft-registration requirement is legally compelling. Around 700,000 citizens have so far failed to register, some no doubt out of carelessness, others out of disloyalty to the American polity. They are subject, of course, to jail terms, but it would be philosophically symmetrical if they also lost their right to vote for, say, 15 years. Because they have evaded the obligations of citizenship, they should also lose one of its principal privileges. They should not be permitted to morally free-load on those who are willing to provide for the common defense. And, if they did lose their right to vote, well, we think we know what the relative political loss would be to liberals and conservatives.

Mexico Runs Amuck

Oil prices fall, the peso skids,
  Big bankers congregate
As growth at 8 per cent a year
  Seems to evaporate.
Meanwhile, wet from the Rio Grande,
  The immigrants advance,
And all the folks in Washington
  Can do is look askance.

W. H. VON DREELE

On This Rock I Will Break My Church

The Marxist Catholics of Latin America have been so diligent in publicizing themselves that it is possible to forget that there are still traditional (that is, Catholic) Catholics in that part of the world. Yet so there are, and in Nicaragua they have been taking a beating from the Sandinistas.

The latest clash began last month when Archbishop Obando y Bravo returned to Nicaragua from a trip to Rome carrying a letter from Pope John Paul II criticizing the "People's Church"—essentially a Marxist end-run around episcopal authority—as "absurd and dangerous." The government forbade *La Prensa*, the lone independent newspaper, to run it. The editors countered by electing not to go to press at all. Whereupon the Sandinistas agreed to let the Pope's letter run, provided it was not given page-one treatment. Shortly thereafter, however, the government struck back. Sandinista thugs jumped the archbishop's spokesman, Father Bismarck Carballo, at lunch, forced

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him to strip, and drove him through the streets. The state-controlled media claimed he had been surprised in a tryst with a parishioner. *La Prensa* refused once more to publish, rather than run the government's fabrication. There followed demonstrations in half a dozen Catholic high schools.

Meanwhile, Nicaragua's tiny Protestant minority has also fallen on bad times, as missionaries are expelled and churches taken over. The Sandinista interior minister, in a press conference straight out of *Animal Farm*, accused the Seventh Day Adventists of plotting to blow up high-tension wires, and warned that their "days in Nicaragua are coming to an end."

Central American anti-clericalism runs deep. The Mexican revolution, which preceded the Russian by seven years, ferociously persecuted Catholics. Mexican presidents (nominally the heirs of that revolution) ostentatiously avoided churchgoing.

In Nicaragua, Marxism sharpens the local impulse. How could it be otherwise? How can you tolerate an organization that believes in rendering unto Caesar only what is Caesar's, when you believe that *everything* is Caesar's? Jailers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your prayers.

Spiked

The story has been popping up in the European press for months: there are clues linking the shooting of John Paul II to the Kremlin.

SOVIET HAND IN ATTACK ON POPE? An irresistible headline, one would think; a natural for the dauntless investigative corps. Ali Agca was a trained assassin, not a Hinckley, and his peregrinations around Europe, back and forth across Communist borders, were financed with at least $50,000 in cash. He seems to have had special connections in Bulgaria, whose secret police often handle rough assignments for the KGB. The shooting occurred a few months after the rise of Solidarity in Poland, which the infuriated Soviets accurately blamed on John Paul's influence.

But the American news media haven't touched it, and it took *Reader's Digest* to commission Claire Sterling (author of *The Terror Network*) to spend four months pursuing the story. It appears in the September issue of the *Digest*, and it is fascinating, surprising, persuasive. Miss Sterling thinks the Soviets used Agca without his knowing it (through the agency of Turkish-Bulgarian gangsters), after which they left him in the lurch.

Even now the major national media seem reluctant to mention it. Why? This is clearly one of the most portentous stories in years. We can only speculate that it is so big that it threatens to shatter a complacent Weltanschauung the media have labored to construct over the years.

All Alone by the Telephone

Let's admit the man's been naughty
  And has jangled all our nerves.
We've been thrown into a tizzy
  As he threw us nasty curves.
Our affair's still unrequited;
  What we get is Daytime Soap,
But, though Ronald Reagan wobbles,
  I shall, dabbing tears, still hope.

W. H. VON DREELE

John Silber: New Ideas on Tuition

President John Silber of Boston University is one of the genuine heroes of contemporary higher education in America. A Texan, Silber was brought to BU by its trustees with a mandate to turn it into a major urban university. Silber has moved rapidly to do so—hiring outstanding junior and senior faculty, recruiting new students with dramatically higher average college board scores, and building up the university's financial base. Because of the Boston intellectual environment, including the proximity of Harvard, MIT, and other major institutions, the potential has always been there for BU, and Silber has resolutely been realizing it—and has done so, it should be added, against the often vicious opposition of organized Marxists on campus, who would rather use the university for their own political purposes.

President Silber has now come forward with a new proposal for tuition aid for college students. Essentially, Silber would have us create a federally funded endowment from which students could borrow up to $7,500 per year. The loans would be repaid over a long period through compulsory payments at varying rates of interest to the IRS. After 15 to twenty years, Silber estimates, the endowment would be self-sustaining, the original investment of federal tax dollars becoming in effect a revolving fund as the loans were repaid.

Like President David McLaughlin of Dartmouth and others (see "Stop Them! Stop Them!" *NR*, August 16), President Silber clearly is struggling to find some solution to the problem of rising tuition costs, which now are threatening to price many middle-class families out of the private higher-education market. The concept of initial investment in a revolving fund, with collection through the income-tax apparatus, has much to recommend it. It is the federal aspect of the Silber proposal that requires examination. While the IRS is certainly the most effective national collection mechanism for such loans, as the

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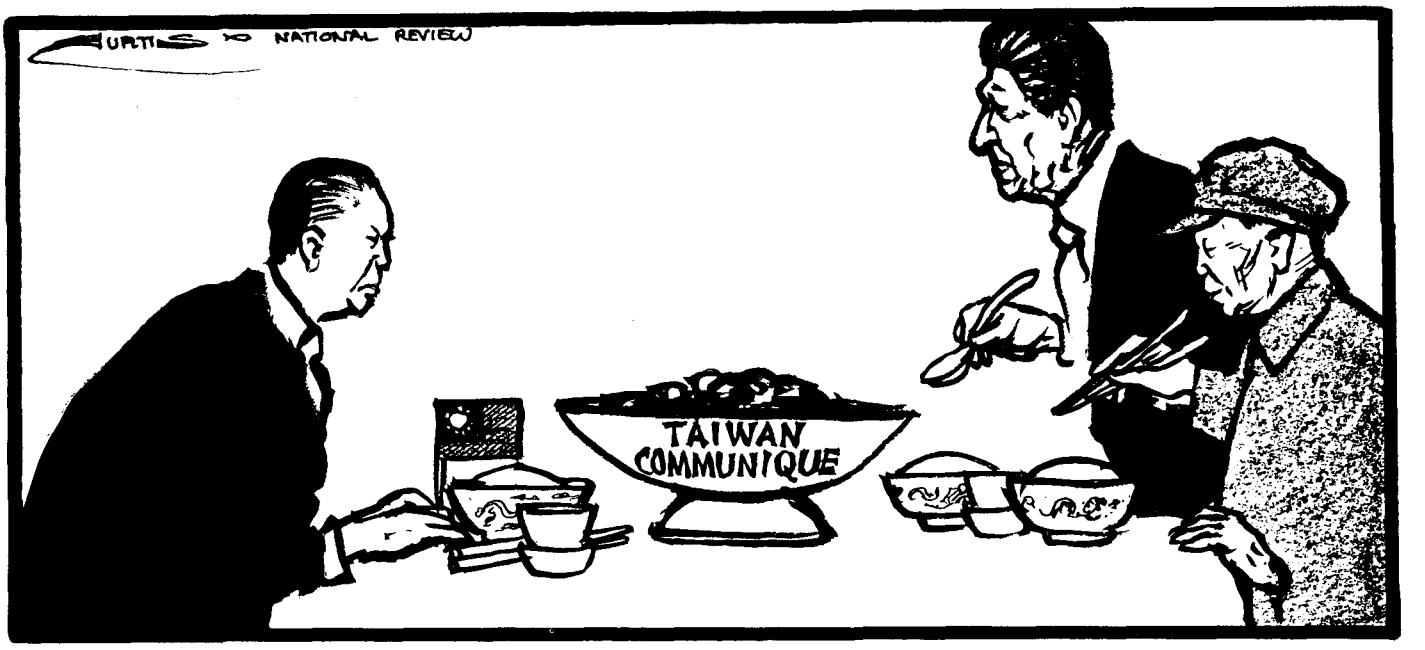

"I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it!"

Silber proposal recognizes, other sources of funding than the federal Treasury are conceivable, e.g., endowments at the state and local level, and surely in cooperation with the private sector.

President Silber's proposal needs further refinement, but, as in his achievements at Boston University, he has again shown himself to be an imaginative administrator.

Ingrid Bergman, R I P

After lunching with Ingrid Bergman, one of her friends remarked that it was like sitting across the table from a talking orchid. One of the most beautiful women of her time, she was also a talented and conscientious actress who constantly strove to develop her art, and played a surprising variety of roles, including her late triumph in *Autumn Sonata*.

She was a longtime and close friend of Ernest Hemingway, who once said that in writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940)—a novel at first overrated, now underrated—he had described Robert Jordan and Maria with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman in mind. The resemblances are indeed there in the text, and Cooper and Bergman played the roles successfully in the movie version.

Though she won three Academy Awards, none was for what may be her most enduring movie, the romantic and poignant *Casablanca*, which, oddly enough, foreshadowed the approaching turbulence of her personal life. In *Casablanca*, Bergman's Ilse Lund is powerfully drawn to the charismatic owner of the Café Americain, Rick Blaine, played by Humphrey Bogart: "Play it, Sam" (the correct version of the line). However, in the end Ilse submits to duty and her marriage bond and flies off with the noble but rather dull anti-fascist Victor Laszlo, played by Paul Henreid.

In real life, Bergman in 1949 left her dentist husband Dr. Peter Lindstrom and had a child by movie director Roberto Rossellini—then at the pinnacle of his reputation as a neo-realist—while still married to Lindstrom. The consequent shock to her Scandinavian-wholesome image produced a storm of indignation that kept her out of the U.S. for nearly a decade. Her marriage to Rossellini did not last.

The storm of criticism over the Rossellini affair is comprehensible only in relation to her public image. The private lives of Artie Shaw, Lana Turner, Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe, and Mickey Rooney never affected their box-office acceptability. And yet the public criticism of Ingrid Bergman was, ironically enough, eloquent testimony to the special power of her presence on the screen, testimony to a beauty that had the pristine and luminous quality of one who walked not among earthly men but among the gods.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

There is something very intellectual about you, and I like to listen to you on TV as often as possible. To be honest with you, more than half of what you say goes above my head. My roughneck friends often kid me on this, accusing me of trying to become a snob. But I am the same Pedro as usual, and I think you'll agree with me that there is nothing wrong in trying to improve the cerebral aspects of one's personality.

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I used to get irritated by your semi-British accent, but I have gotten used to it now. Even now I wonder how you acquired this kind of accent; I would have considered you an equally effective intellectual even if you had sounded like an Okie.

Hope you will not get offended if I say this: Whenever I watch you on TV, I cannot help feeling that your spasmodic facial twitches are the direct result of hemorrhoidal pain. And for the life of me I can't understand why you should suffer through this when even a sparse application of Preparation H before the show can take full care of it.

Admiringly yours,
Pedro Pacheko
Norman, Okla.

Dear Mr. Pacheko: Concerning the problem of the accent, your quarrel is with my parents, who sent us to schools in London (where my father lived), rather than Oklahoma (where my father didn't live, even though it was nearer to his native Texas). Concerning the other matter, *Firing Line* is proud of its record as a fair-minded forum, and I would never use Preparation H without first offering some to my guests, and the producer, Mr. Steibel, has yet to come up with an appropriate formula for this transaction. Yours cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A mystery has plagued me since my recent visit to Russia. After pondering it a while, I think I've partially solved it.

I was seated in the Moscow Metro on the way to Prospekt Karl Marx when suddenly an old crone of the type one sees many of in Russia—a "babushka" built on the order of one of their fearsome tanks—planted herself in front of me and began a vehement tirade, the literal meaning of which I wasn't able to understand since I don't speak Russian. But it really wasn't necessary to know the exact words, the meaning became quite clear when she took a swipe at my glasses, knocking them askew. I quickly tucked them in an inside pocket; without them I'd be in dire straits. After a bit more haranguing she tore at the magazine I'd been reading, almost knocking it from my hands. I secured that in my Lufthansa flight bag. Two words did come through loud and clear: "American" and "hooligan."

A couple of the passengers chided her, obviously trying to quiet her down, but it bounced off her like BBs off one of the above-mentioned tanks. The fellow next to me, however, spoke more harshly to her, causing her to abate her assault on a bewildered tourist. I mean, what do you do, you can't win against an old lady in a situation like that! The chap who had quieted her twirled his index finger at his temple in that universal signal for a mental case.

As I said, it had been a mystery until it dawned on me, I had been reading—NATIONAL REVIEW! Aha! Now, since I didn't know the old termagant personally, I've drawn two conclusions from the event: 1) she hadn't gotten her month's issue of *NR* and decided to take it out on the first person she saw with it out of blind jealousy; or 2) being a reader she disagrees with *NR*'s political views.

So, I ask: Do you have an old Russian babushka on your mailing list who may not be getting her copies regularly, or do you get letters from a disgruntled party in Moscow from time to time?

By the way, have you ever had the exquisite pleasure of being punched out by an old lady—of any political persuasion? Other than Vidal, that is.

Regards,
G. P. Lucchetti
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lucchetti: In answer to your first question, Soviet subscribers to *NR* are limited to the so-called Institute of United States and Canadian Studies, run by Dr. Georgi Arbatov (also referred to as the "Arbatov Institute"). Perhaps the distressed lady sees *NR* at the Institute. In answer to your second question, no. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Boy, do you have a nerve!

After watching the debate on the Reagan budget priorities on *Firing Line*, I wrote away to that incipient fascist dictatorship, otherwise known as South Carolina, for a transcript of Part Two, in which Mr. Oakes nailed you right-wing intellectual poseurs but good. I enclosed a personal check for $2. I put it in the envelope: I distinctly remember I did *not* leave it on the dresser.

Instead of sending me the transcript, months later, you use my name and mailing address to solicit a subscription to your monthly rag. Do you really think I want to waste my time reading about how leading Catholics swear by the morality of the neutron bomb? Over *your* house, they should detonate it!

Go look up chutzpah in the dictionary.

Sincerely yours,
Harvard Hollenberg
(Associate Counsel)
The Assembly
State of New York
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Hollenberg: 1) We do not publish a monthly rag, we publish a fortnightly rag. 2) Wasting your time is obviously an imperative social obligation. 3) If a neutron bomb were detonated over my house, my house *would survive*, which is the point, ass. 4) How else would you expect the incipient fascist dictatorship in South Carolina to act? Cordially,

—WFB

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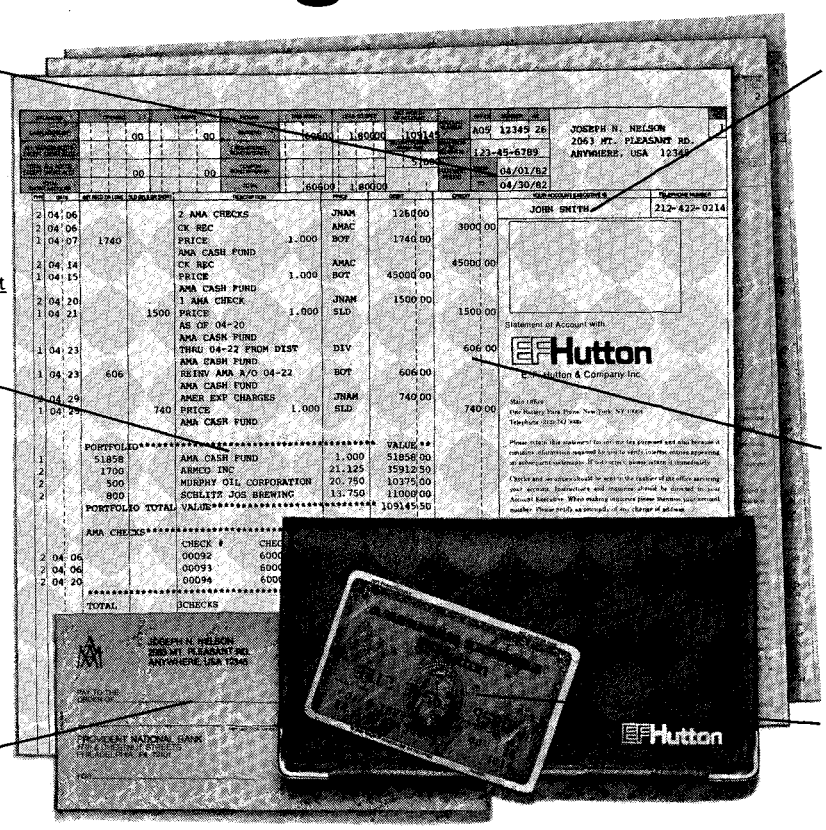

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Taiwan—A Sellout?

THREE AND A HALF years ago Jimmy Carter signed into law the Taiwan Relations Act, which says that Mainland China may only use peaceful means to reunify itself with Taiwan, and that the U.S. is bound to make arms available to Taiwan, as needed, for Taiwan to defend itself. During his campaign Ronald Reagan pledged to upgrade our relationship with Taiwan, and the Republican platform on which he ran promised "priority consideration to Taiwan's defense requirements."

In mid-August, alack and alas, Mr. Reagan walked away from his pledge and the GOP plank. Presumably what the United States hoped to gain from this latest Taiwan Communiqué is a closer relationship with the People's Republic of China, which would help us to play the China card against the Soviets—as if the armed forces Peking maintains on the Soviet border were there because of China's *nouvelle vague* friendship with the U.S., or as if the PRC were a kind of de facto member of NATO (as Al Haig and State's John Holdridge would have you believe), with Taiwan being an ugly and annoying pimple on NATO's fundament. These sophistries aside, there is also this reality that tends to undermine the China-card strategy: for the past year, the PRC has fancied itself as the leader of the Third World, and therefore will give both the Soviets and the U.S. a wide berth lest its credentials with that world be tarnished.

Besides geopolitics, international trade strategy impels some to think that tilting toward the PRC is in our national interest, in a way reminiscent of *fin-de-siècle* Brits who said that if the Chinese would just add one inch to their hems, the mills of Britain would run for a hundred years. Well, the vaunted trade boom with China didn't occur then, nor has it occurred since. Taiwan is a far more important economic partner to the U.S. and to the West in general than is Mainland China, and what conservatives here find especially worrisome is that the new Communique may induce a flight of capital from Taiwan, the atrophy of foreign investment, and the relocation of Taiwanese businesses elsewhere.

The State Department rushed through the Communiqué in order to strengthen the hand of Deng Xiaoping (whom State perceives as moderate) at the Communist Party congress. But, just because the situation between Taipei and Peking is quiet militarily now, Washington conservatives are saying, can we be sure the situation will stay quiet for long? What happens if Deng is ousted, and the political extremists who staged the devastating Cultural Revolution of 1966 to 1970 regain power—which is not at all unthinkable in the topsy-turvy political world of Mainland China? Even if it is granted that Ronald Reagan & Co. can find enough room in the fudged-up prose of the Communiqué to be able to take the stand that U.S. support of the Taiwan Relations Act is totally unimpaired, what happens when he leaves office? What will his successor do with language that can mean anything to anyone?

What to do? Handwringing excoriations of Ronald Reagan and Foggy Bottom vent rage and disappointment, but, apart from being therapeutic, lead nowhere. So conservatives are now figuring out how to haul Congress into the act. Hearings will be held this month, probably scheduled by Charles Percy, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who says that the U.S. undertook certain "solemn obligations" to the people of Taiwan when Congress passed the Taiwan Relations Act in 1979, and that these obligations must be upheld. "A policy statement cannot change a public law," Senator Percy correctly emphasized.

What conservatives want to get from Congress is a Sense of the Senate resolution stating that, if the Taiwan Communiqué is consistent with the Taiwan Relations Act, then the Communiqué is at the same time subservient to the Act, the latter being the governing document, and the one to which this nation reaffirms its commitment. (Peking will soon launch a major effort to have the Taiwan Relations Act repealed.)

Secondly, if the two documents are mutually consistent, some of the vague words of the Communiqué must be interpreted in a way more favorable to the U.S. and Taiwan than either Peking or the State Department would allow, notably the stipulation that U.S. arms sales to Taiwan will not exceed, either in qualitative or in quantitative terms, the level of those supplied since the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and Red China, and that the U.S. intends gradually to reduce its sale of arms to Taiwan, leading over time to a final resolution.

Clearly, Peking believes that "quantitative" means dollars, and "qualitative" means nothing better than what we are supplying Taiwan today, like F-5E planes. The problem with defining "quantitative" in dollars is that this would allow inflation to zero Taiwan out over time. On the other hand, if "quantitative" is indexed, as it were, so that today's dollars are not perpetually fixed as standard, the language can be saved.

LIKEWISE, "qualitative" can be defined by Congress so that it means that the level of what we supply to Taiwan would maintain the existing balance between Taiwan and the Mainland. If the Mainland qualitatively upgrades by 10 per cent the U.S. can likewise upgrade Taiwan 10 per cent.

Today, besides public opinion, the intellectual arguments and the elite perspective on the PRC/Taiwan issue have shifted, too. Earlier we had the era of liberal infatuation with agrarian reform, and the notion that, "Gee, the Chinese Communists may be too rigid but they've done all these good things," advancing to the point where Deng Xiaoping was made out to be Milton Friedman in disguise (both being short, doubtless), and everything was going to come up roses for the Mainland. Now the PRC has opened up marginally, and people are going in. And they are also coming out, and with them some grim accounts of Communism's grisly public policies. This major shift in public opinion and intellectual argument in the United States may well put time on the side of Taiwan and, on the issue of the Communiqué, make Reagan be Reagan. □

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THE TERMS OF PRODUCTION

Taxes and GNP

TOM BETHELL

FIRST THE REAGAN Administration gave us a water-treading adjustment of the income-tax brackets and called it a "25 per cent tax cut." But really the OMB, the Treasury, and the Federal Reserve knew better, as did one or two well-known metropolitan dailies, which have maintained a discreet silence on the topic. Bracket creep and Social Security tax increases had sunk us deeper into the sea of income taxes than the Administration's water-treading had buoyed us up. But everyone kept quiet.

On top of this illusory income-tax cut, Reagan decided to bash all the gallantly swimming taxpayers over the head with a *real* tax increase. At the same time, Reagan showed how weak he thought his hand was, explaining that he had thereby "saved" the third year of the "tax cut." The tax-devouring Moloch had to be appeased one way or the other, apparently.

Unfortunately, this new offering to Moloch will not do the Reagan Administration or the economy any good. Taxes reduce the volume of economic activity. They make things cost more without encouraging new production. An excise tax on cigarettes depresses cigarette consumption (because they cost more) without encouraging new production. The addition to the price goes to the government, not the producer. This analysis is true of all taxes.

But, you may be thinking, what about the government's additional haul from an excise tax (or any tax)? This is also part of the economy, and must be taken into account. Is not government spending also a part of GNP?

Here we encounter a peculiar feature of national income, or GNP, statistics. In the official ledgers of Gross National Product—kept up to date quarterly by the Bureau of Economic Analysis (Commerce Department) under the longtime guidance of Mr. George Jaszi—national *product* is measured by adding up what everyone *spends*. Government spending (minus transfer payments such as Social Security and welfare) is an important component of GNP—about 20 per cent of it in 1980.

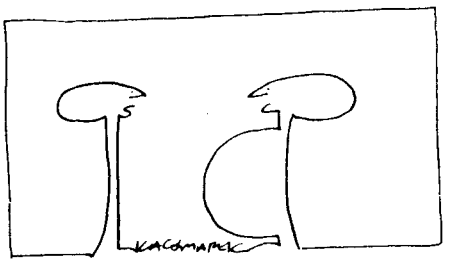
Jaszi and an assistant noted, in a dusty-dry article in the *Survey of Economic Business* explaining GNP computations (February 1981), that "*Government* consists of federal and state and local government agencies, except government enterprises. Production is measured by the compensation of employees."

Let us say that a new civil servant is hired and is paid, oh, $30,000 a year, in the course of which he produces several memoranda—or simply gives advice. The government is said to "purchase" his services, valued at his salary, and GNP rises by that amount.

The truth is that, in the public sector, measuring production by compensation is a risky business indeed. Government, in reality, tends to consume the nation's wealth, not add to it, because government money is routinely used to buy things of less value than the money that pays for them: memos, for example. Arguably, government spending should be subtracted from GNP. Certainly it should not be added to it.

One reason why this oddity arose is that most contemporary economists are accountants at heart. That is what they really aspire to be. They notice that all dollars have the word ONE written on them, and they then mistakenly assume that all are of equal weight: fungible, as they say. All that is needed, then, is for some economist, or accountant, to add them all up so that we may know how "the economy" is doing.

As far as the accountant is concerned, GNP will increase by $30,000 whether that amount is used to "purchase" memos in the public sector or new equipment in the private sector. Sometimes economists who are slightly miserable in the accountant role will mutter darkly that this is all a sham. But they usually keep quiet because they worry about losing their accreditation (called "credibility" by our play-along bow-wow watchdogs of the media).



"YOU USED TO BE ALL HEART."

In voluntary, private-sector transactions, money is exchanged for things at least believed to have more value than the money. Otherwise the exchange wouldn't occur. Most transactions add to value, although some do not. When Francis Ford Coppola in Hollywood exchanges $20 million for a new film which is withdrawn from the theaters after a few days, value has been lost. But on the whole, in the aggregate, voluntary exchanges slowly augment the wealth of a nation.

IN THE PUBLIC sector, everything is reversed. Money is not just accidentally (as in the Coppola case) but very often deliberately exchanged for things that have less value than the money; otherwise the exchange wouldn't be compulsory. Or, looked at another way, the compulsory nature of the transaction tends to make the supplier careless about costs. In all such transactions resources and services have an artificially high value placed on them by the monopoly buyer (government), and slowly the nation devours its own wealth. But GNP figures disguise this outcome.

It is of course true that government often buys things whose value cannot be expressed in dollars. The defense budget buys security, not just hardware. For this reason, such spending has always been regarded as legitimate. But it is quite a small percentage of government spending these days.

Yes, Reagan's tax increase will give the government more money to spend. And yes, this will show up as a higher GNP. Thereupon, I suppose, White House aides will clap their hands and say: "The country is growing richer!"

In the same way, if we measured the wealth of a millionaire by counting what he annually spent and then one day he decided to spend some capital each year along with the interest, we might also think that he was growing richer. But obviously, he couldn't go on like that for long, could he? Nor can we. □

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Thoughts on Sanctions

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

On Tuesday, August 10, the conservative Paris daily, *Le Figaro*, gave nearly two and a half of its broadsheet pages to a major interview with President Reagan. I shall concentrate on Mr. Reagan's comments on the pipeline issue, which will enable me to make one or two points on the state of the Alliance as well.

There are several issues involved in the larger issue of trade sanctions against the USSR, and it seems to me that there is, in many places, a deplorable tendency to muddle them up. Thus:

1. Should sanctions be imposed for punitive reasons, history having shown repeatedly that sanctions for such purposes do not work?

2. Is there a distinction between refusing to transfer high technology to the main self-avowed enemy of our way of life, on the one hand, and refusing to sell grain to the same country?

3. Is there a case for declining to contribute to the increasing of the war potential of the main enemy?

4. Even if it is judged right to transfer high technology (or, in this context, grain) to the Russians, does it make sense to give them the money to pay for what they are getting?

First, what did Ronald Reagan say about sanctions? He told *Le Figaro* that he had included the gas pipeline in the sanctions he announced last December, after the imposition of martial law in Poland, not only for strategic reasons but also to put pressure on the Russians to allow the Poles to sort out their own problems. He had not included grain because of the availability of grain from other sources at that time, but he did stop negotiations with the Russians for a further long-term grain contract.

Asked what did he think about Chancellor Schmidt's complaint that the U.S. was trying to order its allies around, and was he worried about the "neutralist temptation" in West Germany, the President sounded both conciliatory and optimistic. It was natural for members of a free alliance to have differences, he remarked: that was what distinguished NATO from the imposed Warsaw Pact. As for the neutralist temptation, it reminded him of the old leading question about whether a man had stopped beating his wife. No, he was not worried.

I now offer my comments on the President's comments. On punitive sanctions, the Polish experience simply confirms previous experiences in history—say, sanctions against Mussolini's Italy for invading Ethiopia, or British sanctions against Rhodesia following its unilateral declaration of independence. In other words, sanctions have had no discernible effect on Soviet behavior toward Poland, or on the Polish regime's behavior toward its own citizens.

Grain v. *Technology*

The real justification of sanctions does not depend on whether they will affect the public policy of our declared enemy; it is simply that it makes no sense to help that enemy survive and increase its power to harm us. And however much you allow for the value and necessity of legitimate trade, it is lunacy to give our East European trading partners the money with which to pay for their imports. Not only do we do so in the form of credits, but we go on adding more credits to enable them to pay the interest on old credits, leaving the principal unreimbursed.

On the distinction between exporting food and exporting technology, there are obvious differences, which the President has addressed. Technology can contribute to a war machine; grain cannot, except very indirectly. The gas pipeline is going to bring a lot of hard currency into Soviet coffers; grain deals create a flow of hard currency out of those same coffers.

I buy these distinctions. But there is something else, which rarely gets mentioned. As everybody knows, agriculture is the neglected stepchild of the Soviet economy, chronically inefficient. The provision of "free world" grain disguises the permanent incapacity of the Soviet system to feed its people, and relieves the internal tensions arising from food shortages. Do we want to help the Soviet system to survive?

As for the natural tendency of the Alliance to stimulate family quarrels, well yes, it is better that way than the dictatorial way of the Warsaw Pact. On that score I support the President unconditionally. The trouble with the Europeans (us Europeans) is that we want it both ways. We criticize the Americans when they fail to offer leadership (as during the Carter period) and resent it when they do, under Reagan.

President Reagan thinks strategically. The widespread smear, in America as well as in Europe, that he is a jacked-up cowboy and minor film star is a libel. He is a very intelligent man, who sees much further than do his critics.

I can well understand that European countries worried about unemployment should resent being told to renege on contracts. But that is the short-term view. The final outcome—increased dependence on Soviet energy, and a greater security risk from the input of Western technology to the Soviet system—is an unacceptable price to pay for a temporary relief of unemployment.

The End of NATO?

And now, the neutralist temptation. If the President is not worried about it, he is wrong: he ought to be. I come back to a point I have made before in this column. The West German SPD (senior partner in the ruling coalition) is committed to the pursuit of a "security partnership" with the Soviet bloc. No matter how this turgid formula is hemmed in by qualifying prose, in the final analysis it is simply incompatible with NATO's objectives. NATO was set up to counter the Soviet threat. If a leading member of NATO starts making its own security arrangements with the Warsaw Pact, then the end of NATO is in sight.

Understandably, the Germans desperately want reunification: if neutrality is the price to be paid for it, then so be it. I do not think that Chancellor Schmidt looks at it that way, but the Chancellor is now committed to the "security partnership" idea, under the terms of a resolution adopted by his party at its congress last April. Some of his closest colleagues—in particular, Egon Bahr, the party's general secretary—are willing to pay the price of neutrality.

That is why President Reagan should be worried. And why I hope he will publicly point out that the "security partnership" formula would spell the end of the Western Alliance. □

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ROBERT BORK

THE STRUGGLE

Over the Role of the Court

WHATEVER ONE THINKS about the performance of courts today, a subject upon which I shall have nothing to say here, it is quite clear that there have been times in our history when courts have gone well beyond their proper constitutional sphere. When that occurs, democratic government is displaced and the question is how to restore a proper allocation of powers. Absent a constitutional amendment, a general means to ensure that courts stay within the limits the Constitution provides for them can only be intellectual and moral.

That may seem a weak control. It does not seem so to me. Intellectual criticism in the short run may be quite ineffective. In the long run, ideas will be decisive. That is particularly true with respect to courts, more so perhaps than with any other branch of government.

Courts are part of a more general legal-constitutional culture and ultimately are heavily influenced by ideas that develop elsewhere in that culture. It is not too much to say, for example, that the Warren Court was, in a real sense, the culmination of a version of the legal-realist movement that dominated the Yale Law School years before. Similarly, the outcome of a present debate taking place in the law schools will surely affect the courts of today and the future.

A new struggle for intellectual dominance in constitutional theory is under way at this moment. The struggle is about the duty of judges with respect to the Constitution. It is taking place out of public sight, in a sense, because it is carried on almost entirely in the law schools and in the law reviews. But that doesn't mean it won't affect our entire polity in the years ahead. The ideas that win hegemony there will govern the profession, including judges, for at least a generation and perhaps more.

Let me sketch the nature of the debate. The contending schools of thought are called, somewhat unhappily, "interpretivism" and "noninterpretivism." In popular usage, "interpretivism" is often called strict construction. And "noninterpretivism" is what we loosely refer to as activism or imperialism.

John Hart Ely, then of Harvard Law School, described them this way: Interpretivism is the tenet "that judges deciding constitutional issues should confine themselves to enforcing norms that are stated or are clearly implicit in the written Constitution. . . . What distinguishes interpretivism"—or, if you will, strict construction—"from its opposite is its insistence that the work of the political branches is to be invalidated only in accord with an inference whose starting point, whose underlying premise, is fairly discoverable in the Constitution." Noninterpretivism—or activism, if you will—advances "the contrary view, that courts should go beyond that set of references and enforce norms that cannot be discovered within the four corners of the document."

The noninterpretivists, in a word, think that in litigation which is nominally constitutional the courts may—indeed should—remake the Constitution. These theorists are usually careful to say that a judge should not simply enforce his own values. And they variously prescribe as the source of this new law, which is to control the judge, such things as natural law, conventional morality, the understanding of an ideal democracy, or what have you.

There is a curious consistency about these theories. No matter from which base they start, the professors always end up at the same place, prescribing a constitutional law which is considerably more egalitarian and socially permissive than either the written Constitution or the state of legislative opinion in the American public today. That may be the point of the exercise.

My own philosophy is interpretivist. But I must say that this puts me in a distinct minority among law professors. Just how much of a minority may be seen by the fact that a visitor to Yale who expressed interest in debating my position was told by one of my colleagues that the position was so passé that it would be intellectually stultifying to debate it.

By my count, there were in recent years perhaps five interpretivists on the faculties of the ten best-known law schools. And now the President has put four of them on courts of appeals. That is why faculty members who don't like much else about Ronald Reagan regard him as a great reformer of legal education.

If the theory of noninterpretivism—that judges can draw their constitutional rulings from outside the document—

Judge Bork, a former Solicitor General and the former Alexander M. Bickel Professor of Public Law at Yale, is a judge on the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. This article is excerpted from a speech he gave in Washington to the Judicial Reform Conference sponsored by the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation.

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achieves entire intellectual hegemony in the law schools, as it is on the brink of doing, the results will be disastrous for the constitutional law of this nation. Judges will feel justified in continually creating new individual rights, and those influential groups which form what might be called the Constitution-making apparatus of the nation—that is, the law professors, the courts, the press, the leaders of the bar—will support the courts in doing this. It will be very hard to rally public opinion against groups so articulate and in control of most of the means of communication. It will be particularly hard since much opposition will be disarmed by being told that this is what the Constitution commands. We are a people with a great and justified veneration for the Constitution.

The hard fact is, however, that there are no guidelines outside the Constitution that can control a judge once he abandons the lawyer's task of interpretation. There may be a natural law, but we are not agreed upon what it is, and there is no such law that gives definite answers to a judge trying to decide a case.

There may be a conventional morality in our society, but on most issues there are likely to be several moralities. They are often regionally defined, which is one reason for federalism. The judge has no way of choosing among differing moralities or competing moralities except in accordance with his own morality.

There may be immanent and unrealized ideals of democracy, but the Constitution does not prescribe a wholly democratic government. It is difficult to see what warrant a judge has for demanding more democracy than either the Constitution requires or the people want.

The truth is that the judge who looks outside the Constitution always looks inside himself and nowhere else.

Noninterpretivism, should it prevail, will have several entirely predictable results. In the first place, the area of judicial power will continually grow and the area of democratic choice will continually contract. We will have a great deal more constitutional law than the Constitution itself contains.

Rights will be created, and they will often conflict with one another, so the courts will find that they must balance them in a process which is indistinguishable from legislation.

There is a good example of this. Recently, a federal court of appeals had occasion to consider a state statute which required a wife to consult her husband before having an abortion. The husband was given no control over the decision, merely a sort of due-process right to be heard. Naturally, someone claimed that even that violated the Constitution. The court of appeals said that it had to balance the wife's right to privacy against the husband's right to procreation.

Neither of those rights is to be found anywhere in the Constitution. The court upheld the statute, but the point is that a court, without any guidance from the Constitution, or any source other than its own views, had to make an accommodation of values and interests of a sort that used to be entirely the business of the legislature. That will become the general situation if noninterpretivism becomes dominant.

Another result of this theory, which, as I say, is the dominant theory of the law schools—at least it appears to be winning the debate at the moment—will be the nationalization of moral values as state legislative choices are steadily displaced by federal judicial choices. This is directly contrary to the theory of the Constitution, which is that certain moral choices specified in the document are national, but that unless Congress defines a new national consensus, all other moral choices are to be made democratically by the people in their states and in their cities.

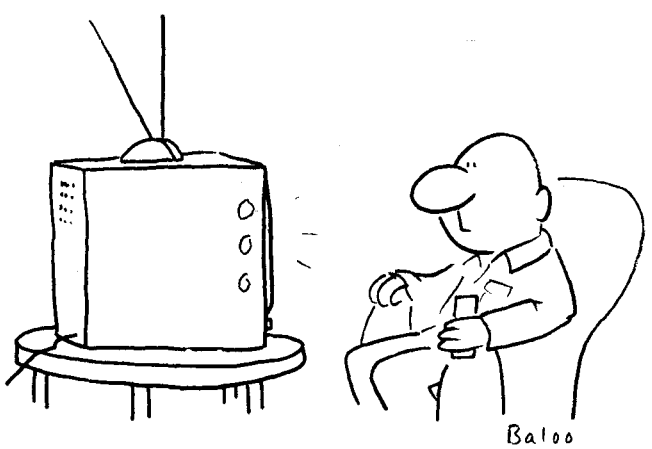
Every time a court creates a new constitutional right or expands, without warrant, an old one, the constitutional freedom of citizens to control their lives is diminished

Finally, there will occur what I have called the gentrification of the Constitution. The constitutional culture—those who are most intimately involved with constitutional adjudication and how it is perceived by the public at large: federal judges, law professors, members of the media—is not composed of a cross-section of America, either politically, socially, or morally. If, as I have suggested, noninterpretivism leads a judge to find constitutional values within himself, or in the values of those with whom he is most intimately associated, then the values which might loosely be described as characteristic of the university-educated upper middle class will be those that are imposed.

There is nothing wrong with that class, but there is also no reason why its values should be imposed upon everybody else. If that happens, then the Constitution will have been gentrified.

Perhaps I've said enough to show why I think this dominant philosophy in the major law schools must not be allowed to go unchallenged intellectually. But I want to make two last points about the rhetoric of its adherents.

Noninterpretivism—activism—is said to be the means by which courts add to constitutional freedom and never subtract from it. That is wrong. Among our constitutional freedoms or rights, clearly given in the text, is the power to govern ourselves democratically.



"In a surprise move today, the Supreme Court impeached itself."

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Every time a court creates a new constitutional right against government or expands, without warrant, an old one, the constitutional freedom of citizens to control their lives is diminished. Freedom cannot be created by this method; it is merely shifted from a larger group to a smaller group.

G. K. Chesterton might have been addressing this very controversy when he wrote: "What is the good of telling a community it has every liberty except the liberty to make laws? The liberty to make laws is what constitutes a free people."

The claim of noninterpretivists, then, that they will expand rights and freedom is false. They will merely redistribute them.

What is perhaps even more troubling is the lack of candor—and I think it can only be called that—which so often characterizes the public rhetoric of constitutional scholars who subscribe to this theory.

Professor Paul Bator of Harvard put the point very well at the Federalist Society meeting at Yale. He explained that there are two different kinds of arguments that the constitutional in-group uses, depending on its purposes at the moment.

On Monday, while we are arguing for a result in court that would be hard to justify in terms of the written Constitution, we say things like: "Oh well, any sophisticated lawyer understands that the text of the Constitution is really not very clear, its history is often extremely ambiguous, and in many areas simply unknown. That being so, why shouldn't the court just do good as we define the good?"

But on Tuesday, after the decision has been made, we find ourselves talking to a different and much larger group, people who are not constitutional theorists and who may be enraged at what the court has done. These tend to be regarded by the constitutional cognoscenti as the great unwashed. To them, we do not mention the ambiguities, the uncertainties that underlie the decision. We certainly don't mention the political basis for the decision. Instead, we say to them, "Why, you are attacking the Constitution." That, of course, is not what the critics are doing.

If noninterpretivism is to be respectable, its scholars must stop talking this way. When they address the public, they should say, frankly, "No, that decision does not come out of the written or historical Constitution. It is based upon a moral choice the judges made, and here is why it is a good choice, and here is why judges are entitled to make it for you."

"Here's Split End and the Frizzies to sing their hit single, 'Baby, you can't leave me now, even though we ain't had no marriage vows, 'cause you got a job which I need to pay the rent—so don't split, Baby, I ain't gonna live in no tent.'"

We do not mention the ambiguities that underlie the decision. We certainly don't mention the political basis for the decision. Instead, we say, 'Why, you are attacking the Constitution'

That last is going to be a little sticky, but that is what honesty requires. Until the public understands the basis by which constitutional argument moves, there will be little chance for the public to decide what kind of courts it really wants.

These concerns are not new. There is a great deal of dissatisfaction with courts today. It is important, in some sense, to recognize that those concerns, that kind of anger is as old as our Republic. Americans have never been entirely at ease with the concept of judicial supremacy, and they have also never wanted to try democracy without any judicial safeguards.

Thomas Jefferson spoke feelingly of the dangers of judicial power: "The Constitution, on this hypothesis [of judicial supremacy], is a mere thing of wax in the hands of the judiciary, which they may twist, and shape into any form they please. It should be remembered, as an axiom of eternal truth in politics, that whatever power in any government is independent is absolute also. . . . Independence can be trusted nowhere but with the people in mass."

But Alexander Hamilton spoke with equal feeling on the necessity for safeguards enforced by independent judges when he said: "there is no liberty if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. . . . The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited Constitution."

Both Jefferson and Hamilton had powerful points. It seems to me that only a strictly interpretivist approach to the Constitution, only an approach which says the judge must get from the Constitution what is in that document and in its history and nothing else, can preserve for us the benefits that Hamilton saw, while avoiding the dangers that Jefferson prophesied. □

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MEDIA WATCH

Stick 'Em Up, NBC

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THIS TALE is not for the purpose of making ideological points. The point here examined is: *"What happens,"*—or, if you prefer—*"What in fact did happen, when a television network was caught red-handed circulating a distortion?"*

On Saturday, February 27, I turned on the NBC Nightly News and came upon Miss Jessica Savitch, the anchorman for the event.

The following Monday, relying on my memory of what had been said, I wrote a column [*NR*, April 2]. The gravamen of Buckley *v.* Savitch-NBC is contained in the following sentence:

"There cannot have been a higher congestion of implausibilities and distortions than those she relayed in two or three minutes devoted to the theme of how, under Reagan, the rich are exploiting the poor."

That was a summary. The particulars were as follows:

". . . my favorite [i.e., favorite distortion] was the one about how people earning $10,000 per year are going to endure a greater diminution of benefits than those earning $80,000 a year. How much more? Three times."

My point was that $80,000-per-year earners aren't supposed to get *any* welfare benefits, so that the comparison was inherently preposterous. It is like saying: "John is three times livelier than his great-grandfather, who is dead."

My second factual charge read as follows:

"Then Miss Savitch announced that tax breaks for a family earning $10,000 amounted to $120, while tax breaks for a person earning $80,000 came to $15,000."

That happens not to be true, I wrote—as follows:

"So the next morning you look at the entire [Congressional Budget Office] report and does it tell you that you will receive $15,000 tax relief at $80,000? No, it doesn't. It says that the *average* tax relief to be received by everyone receiving $80,000 *or more* will come to $15,000." I asked: "How much would [the tax relief amount] to [for] someone who earns $80,000? Answer: $4,500. Already this year? Well, no. Next year? No. The third year."

In the same column I examined an assault on Reagan by a columnist called Michael Kilian, which I judged to be hysterical.

A week or so later, Michael Kilian published a column denouncing me, the relevant parts of which are as follows:

"Miss Savitch has wit, intelligence, and fortitude to match her beauty, and I am sure can ably defend herself. . . ."

And,

"The point is not whether Miss Savitch is technically correct in her mathematical calculation of tax burdens (though I so believe her to be). The point . . ." at which point Kilian slurped on about Reagan and the rich.

The point, of course, precisely *was* the correctness or incorrectness of Miss Savitch's mathematical calculations. And it is not at all clear why Mr. Kilian couldn't, in one telephone call, have cleared this question up, as a substitute for a profession of faith in Miss Savitch. One phone call is all it had required of me.

NEXT, WE HAVE a reply to a viewer who had brought my column to the attention of NBC News. It is signed, "Herb Dudnick, Executive Producer, Weekend Nightly News." The relevant parts of that letter are as follows:

"Thank you for taking time to write us concerning the statements by Mr. Buckley that our report of February 27 concerning the Congressional Budget Office Study was inaccurate. I disagree with this conclusion and I must disagree with your interpretation that we are not telling the truth."

Now watch carefully:

"The principle [*sic*] point of his column is that our comparison between a family earning less than $10,000 a year and a family earning more than $80,000 a year was inaccurate . . ."

I interrupt to say that I made no such point in the column, quite the contrary. My point was that NBC referred *not* to persons making *more than* $80,000, but to persons who were making exactly $80,000. To say, "John makes $100 per year," is different from saying: "John makes more than $100 per year."

". . . and he [Buckley] went on to state that the comparison was not valid and a more realistic view would be to look at a family which earns $80,000 a year, or a single person who earns $80,000 a year."

There is nothing in my column that makes this point. But wait, you will not believe what is to come:

"He is, obviously, within his rights to conclude that was the issue."

One might as well have written: "John stayed home in San Francisco all day Saturday, and what's more he had every right to spend that day in Los Angeles."

And then:

"It was our professional opinion that the point of the news was the contrast between a family which earns less than $10,000 a year and a family that earned more than $80,000 per year."

That was not only NBC's professional opinion, but *my* professional opinion, which is why I wrote the column criticizing NBC's failure to talk about families earning *more* than $80,000 per year.

Dudnick then quotes literally from the Congressional Study which says exactly what I said, to wit:

". . . while households with incomes over $80,000 will pay on average about $15,000 less."

Next comes a letter from Jessica Savitch to Michael Kilian, with copies to five people, including Mr. Dudnick, and me.

She thanks Kilian for his defense, and adds,

". . . in checking our Nightly News script, the quote regarding Reagan Economics' aid to the rich was a direct attribution to the Accounting Office report on that topic."

But Dudnick just gave us the direct quote, and *it* spoke of families earning "*more* than $80,000."

Back to Miss Savitch:

"As to the figures Mr. Buckley alleged I quoted, those figures (again, direct excerpts from the GAO Report) . . ."

Again, Miss Savitch is wrong. The figures quoted on NBC were *not* the same as those of the Congressional Budget Office (not the GAO).

". . . [the figures] were reported by

(Continues on page 1169)

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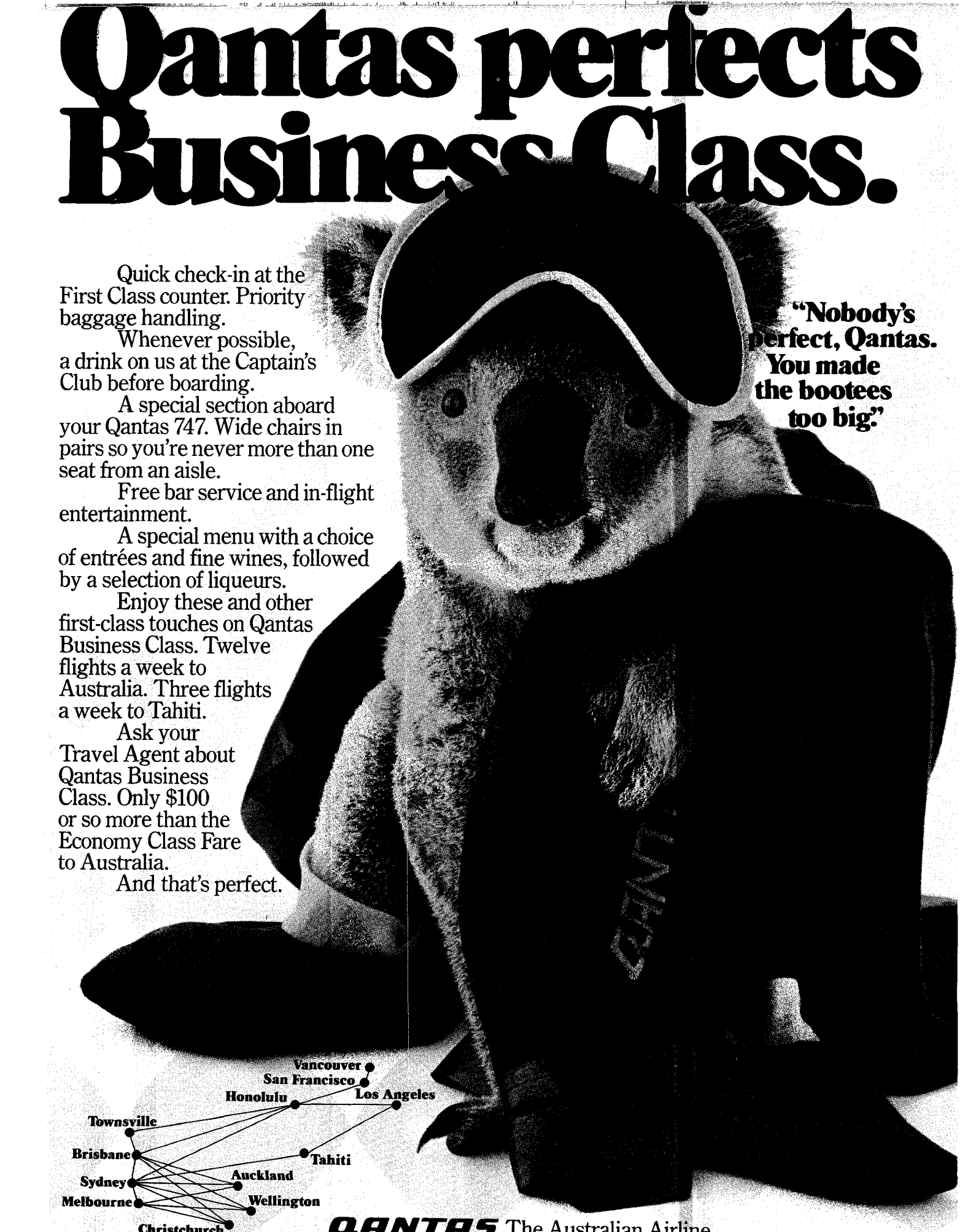

QANTAS The Australian Airline.

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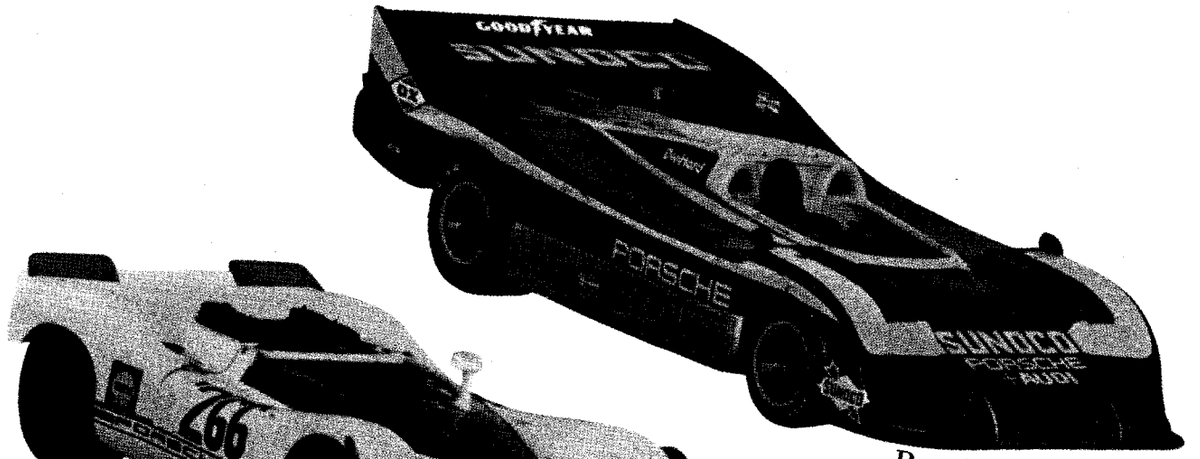
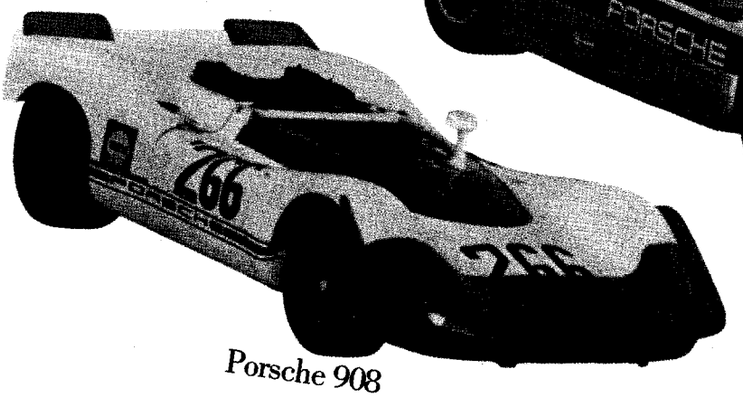
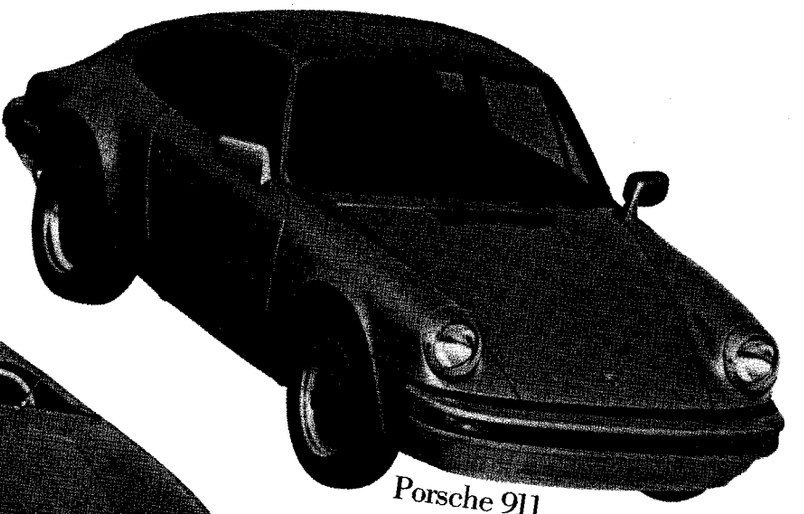


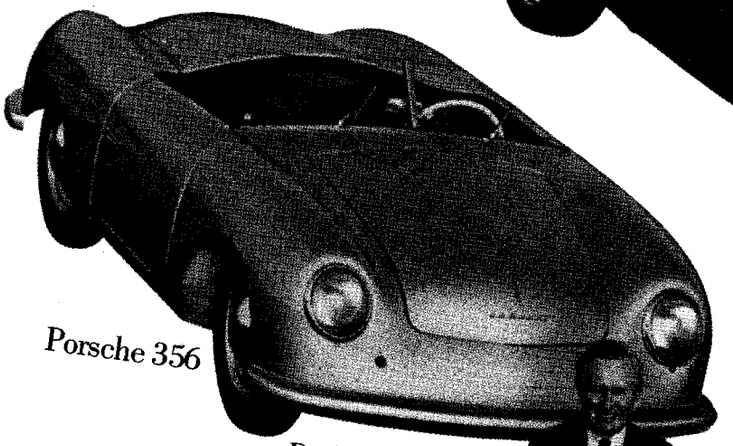
Porsche 917 Turbo



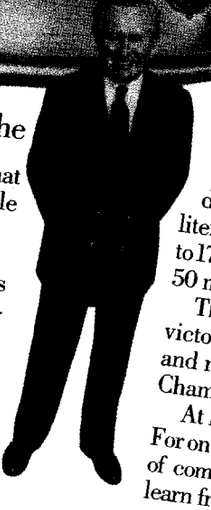
Porsche 908



Porsche 911



Porsche 356



Dr. Ferry Porsche

One Man's

My work and my hobby are the same: building cars that are fun to drive. Building cars that have the best possible engineering. Building *Porsches*.

The very first Porsche was the 356.

We had no marketing research to guide us. So it was designed to my personal specifications: small, light-weight, with good handling, and the power of a large car. The idea was to build a racing car for the normal roads. And, in fact, in 1951, when the 356 was first entered at Le Mans, it won its class.

The second Porsche was, *and still is*, the 911.

First produced in 1964, it's forever young. Its engine displacement has been increased from the original liters to 3 liters. And its output has been raised from 130 h to 172 hp. Today, on the track, the 911 accelerates from 0 50 mph in 5.8 seconds. Its maximum speed: 139 mph.

The 911 and its derivatives have won countless maj victories in motor sport, including rallies, hill climb and races. The 935 Turbo, for example, won the Wor Championship of Makes in 1976, '77, '78, and '79.

At Porsche, we view the race track as a proving groun For on the track, under the stresses, surprises, and realiti of competition, the best engineering wins. And what learn from our race cars, we put into our production cars

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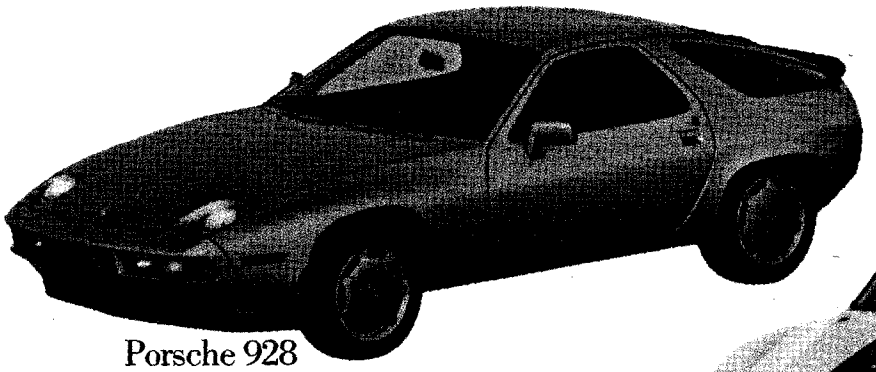
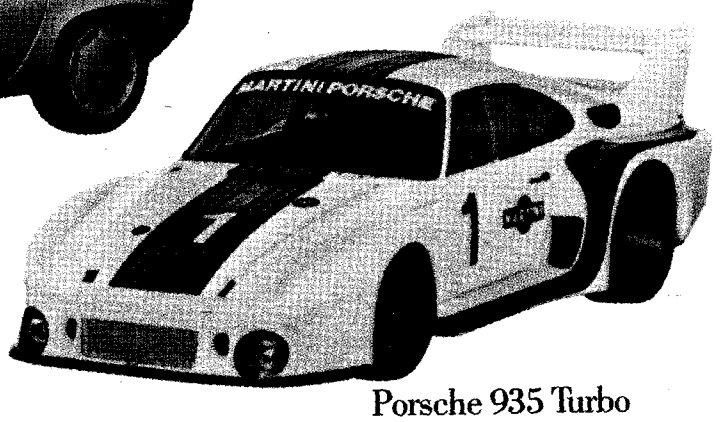
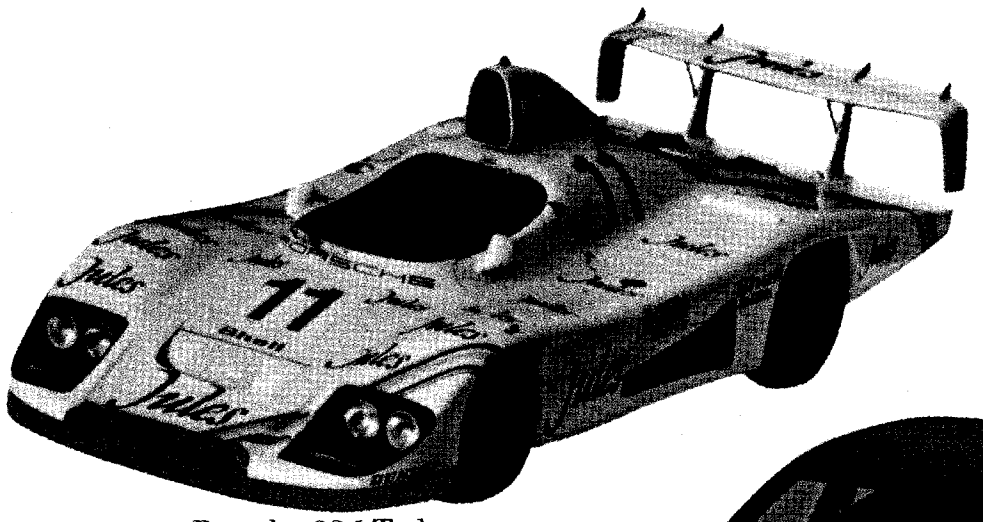
©1982 Porsche Audi



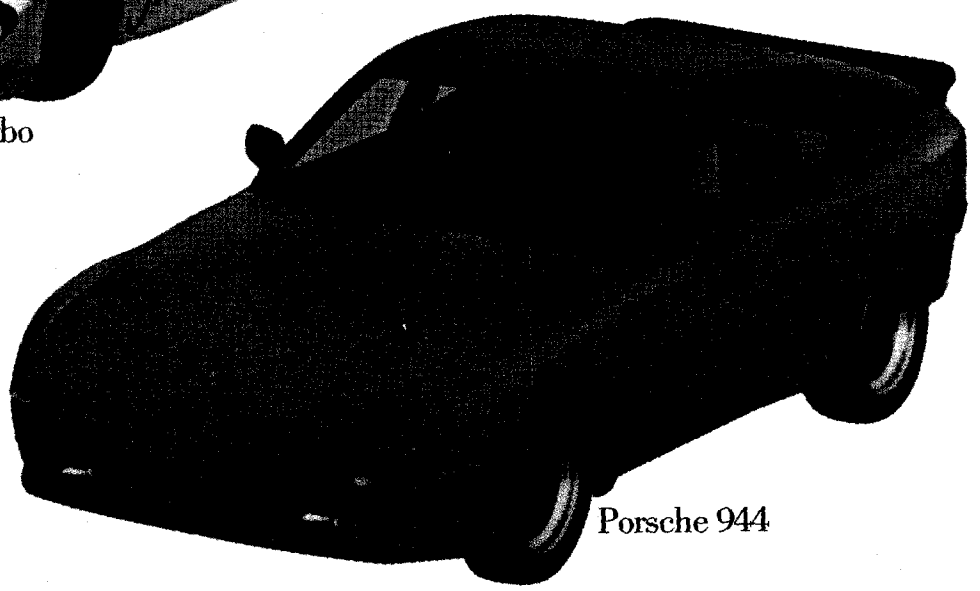
Porsche 928



Porsche 935 Turbo



Porsche 936 Turbo



Porsche 944

Family.

The 917 Turbo Can-Am champion (1973) made turbo-charging practical for production cars.

The 936 Turbo Le Mans champion (1976,'77,'81) further advanced engine design and aerodynamic efficiency.

The 908 Targa Florio champion (1970) set the handling standards for all Porsches, including our new-generation 928.

The 928 has a 4.5-liter, 220-hp, aluminum Porsche V-8 engine. On the track, it accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 6.0 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of 143 mph.

The 928 also has the Porsche transaxle design which produces balanced braking and improved cornering. And the 928 offers unprecedented comfort and luxury in a Porsche.

The newest Porsche is the 944.

It has a new 2.5-liter, 143-hp, aluminum Porsche engine, built at Zuffenhausen. On the track, it accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. And it has a maximum speed of 130 mph.

The 944 also has the Porsche transaxle design, Porsche handling, and Porsche aerodynamics.

To me, the 944 is more than a new car. It is a new and true Porsche.

At Porsche, excellence is expected.

PORSCHE + AUDI

Dr. F. Porsche
Stuttgart

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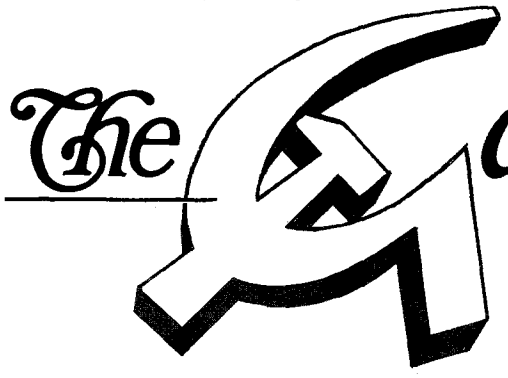
LETTER FROM ST. GEORGE'S

The Castroization OF GRENADA



KEITH CHARLES

SILK-SOFT BEACHES, the whisper of palms, islands rising like murmurs on all sides, and cricket-crazy boys in tattered kneepants fishing from rust-colored reefs over which the heron dive at sunset. Something of the sort surely constitutes the average tourist's cliché of the Caribbean, and the cliché certainly exists. Even Castro's Cuba has not been able to change the physical beauty of this region—yet. But it is trying hard to change the political complexion of these islands, and the first question to ask is how Cuba came to pose as a local Galahad when for years it never showed the slightest interest in its neighbors.

A few years ago John Toland, then an Under Secretary of State for Caribbean Affairs, published a demographic conspectus of the ex-British Caribbean from Jamaica to Guyana—for island status is not a *sine qua non* for a Caribbean country, as witness Belize, Surinam, and Guyana. Toland estimated 60 per cent of this population to be under 15 years of age. This is probably a conservative estimate. To start with, then, it must be said that the woes of this lovely area are somewhat self-inflicted. Regionally, too, there is a disinclination or inability to organize, as the many failed inter-island groupings have shown: the rapidly moribund Federation of the West Indies after the war; then Carifta; then the St. Vincent Treaty, with Premiers Mitchell of St. Vincent, Compton of St. Lucia, and Gairy of Grenada trying to set up a union of goods and people; and, most recently, the strident 1979 St. George's Agreement, supported by Jamaica's Michael Manley when it seemed that a new group of Marxist politicians was erupting in the Windwards. All these are mere pieces of paper now. It should be conceded, however, that this inability to organize is a characteristic of insularity and evinces a certain pride; Tobago is currently trying to secede from Trinidad, as Barbuda from Antigua.

The population statistics are alarming, however, in islands where unemployment can rise to as high as 70 per cent, when measured by American standards. Often the only people permanently employed hereabouts are government and bank and shop workers. Sugar, banana, arrowroot, cocoa, and nutmeg growers are seasonally employed and have been so for centuries. At the same time, a man doesn't feel a man in these parts until he's fathered several children, and a girl isn't a woman until she's had one; any visitor to any island can hear the day's necrology over the air with its proud recital of "44 grands" and so many dozen "great-grands." In Grenada, Cuba's solution to unemployment has been to give the young people of both sexes uniforms and AK rifles and send them to Angola or Nicaragua or, for the lucky ones, to the Isle of Pines.

Grenada has become the crown jewel of Cuba's Caribbean adventurism, Castro's favorite colony. As is well known, Communist cells were established some time ago in Latin America and in Spanish-speaking enclaves around the Caribbean. But they have not yet made much of a dent in the French or Dutch islands, and engineering terrorism in a high-smile, lethargic area like the ex-British Caribbean, with its rural conservatism and instinctively hierarchical structure, was more difficult still.

After many failed attempts to gain ground through diplomacy, Cuba was instructed by the Kremlin to export revolution through terrorism. Some English-speaking foothold was needed. Cuba's small but significant Grenadian adventure represents its first attempt to Communize a former British Crown Colony (there was a similar attempt by Chinese Communists in Malaya, then the Federated Malay States, just after the last World War, but it was ruthlessly put down by General Sir Gerald Templer). Cuba had tried in Guyana and failed. It tried again in Barbados, and Air Cubana's first flight therefrom was bombed out of the skies by Cuban anti-Castroists, along with the whole of the Cuban basketball team. Today only Trinidad locally allows the airline a heavily guarded counter.

Thus Cuba needed Grenada, where today its Ambassador Rizo calls the shots to a proxy Prime Minister, Maurice "Bro" Bishop, and does so with some skill. Coming forward as a mellifluous socialist when he took power in 1979, Bishop now follows the full Party line, with all its Orwellian rhetoric, and clearly hopes that if he echoes his master's voice (*Sempre Fidel*) loudly enough, he will get on the Russian defense budget and solve all his problems, especially what to do with the drifting youth.

The history of Grenada prior to the Cuban takeover is contained in an admirable book (originally a Yale sociology dissertation) called *The Hero and the Crowd*, by a Trinidad Indian named A. W. Singham. What emerges is that the British, wishing to rid themselves of these costly and undesirable colonies, sought some means of handing them over democratically. They could not do so to vacuums. Their best answer was to unload them on union leaders who commanded visible popular support or elective backing. So in 1967 Eric

Mr. Charles is a Trinidad lawyer, currently living in Toronto.

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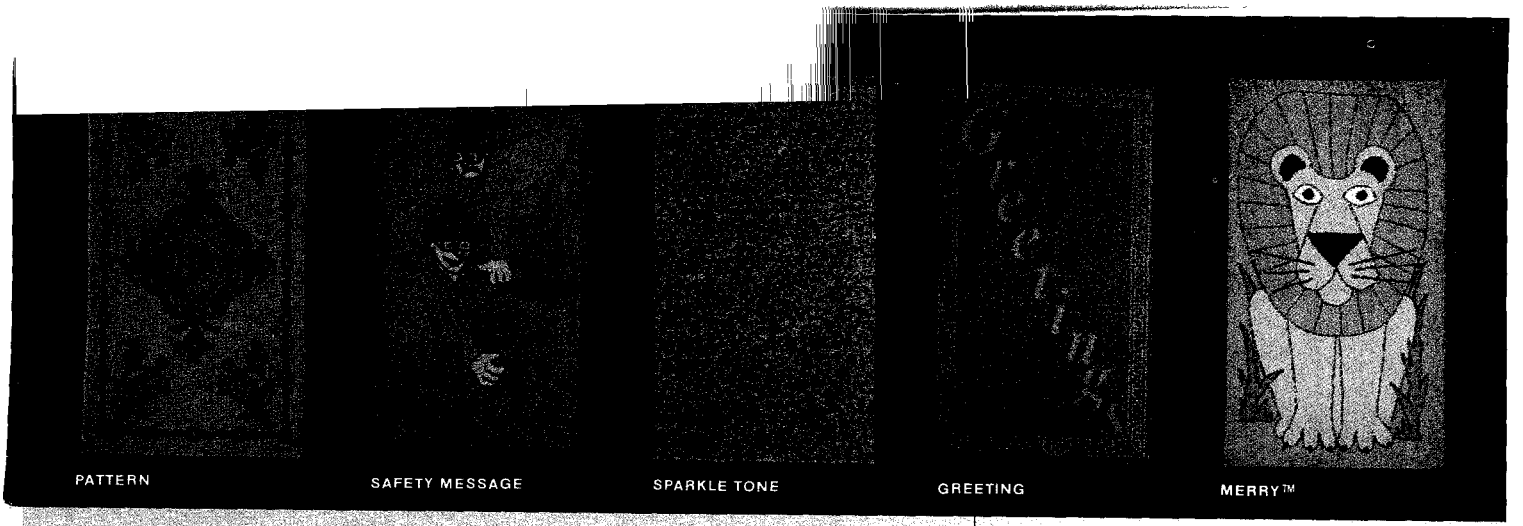

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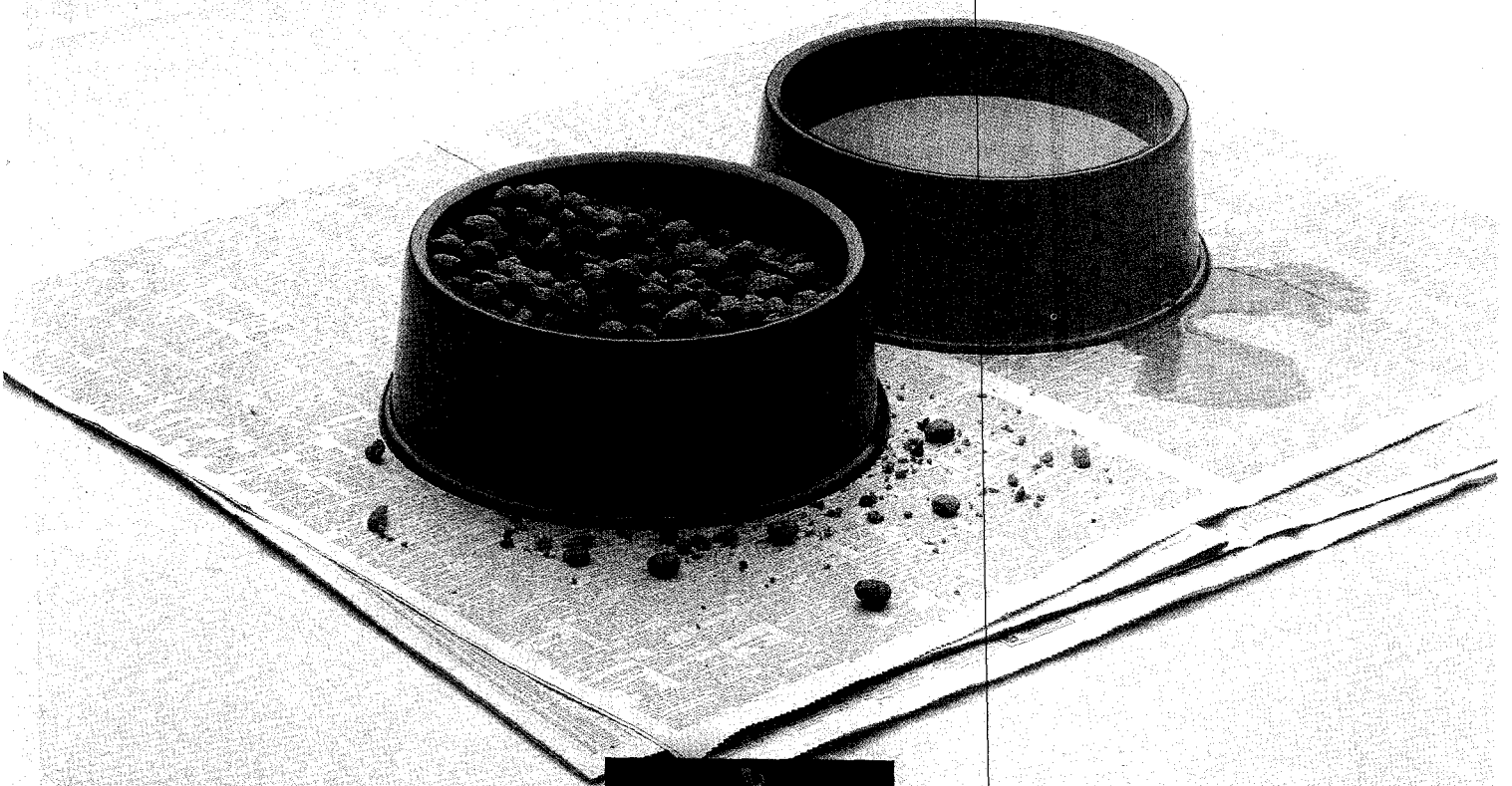

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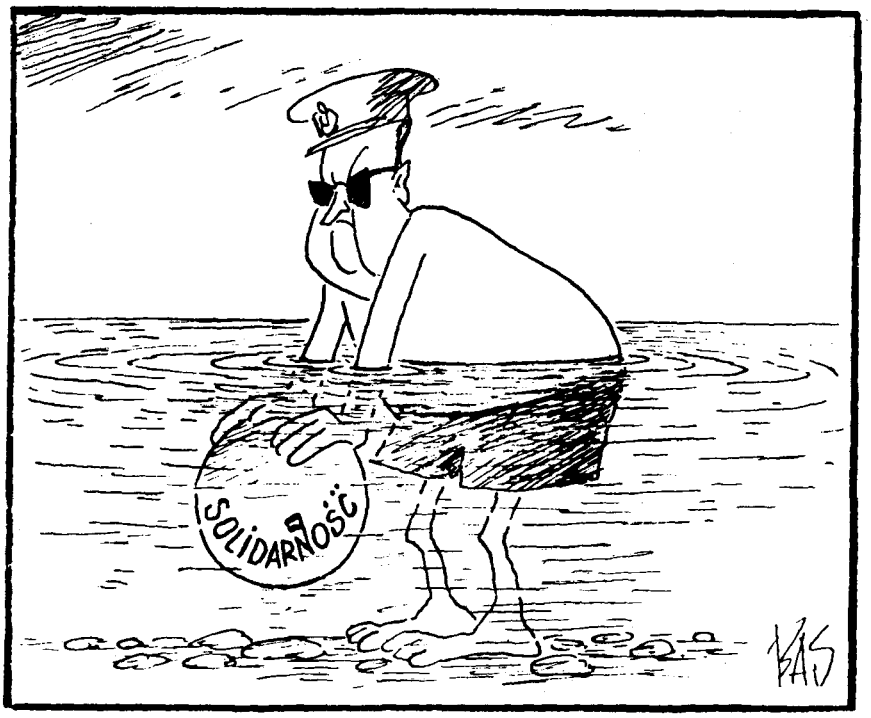
help!!!!

Financial Planning

As Teddy starts his motor
  And Mondale toes the line,
It's wise for the investor
  To be more Byzantine;
For if the loony leftists
  Roar back in '84,
You don't need me to tell you
  The ox they'll love to gore.

W. H. VON DREELE



Bas, *Tachydromos*

Rothco

"SEE, COMRADE, WE ALSO ENJOY SPONTANEOUS GRASSROOTS ANTI-NUCLEAR DEMONSTRATIONS."

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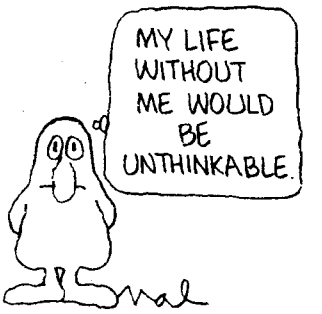
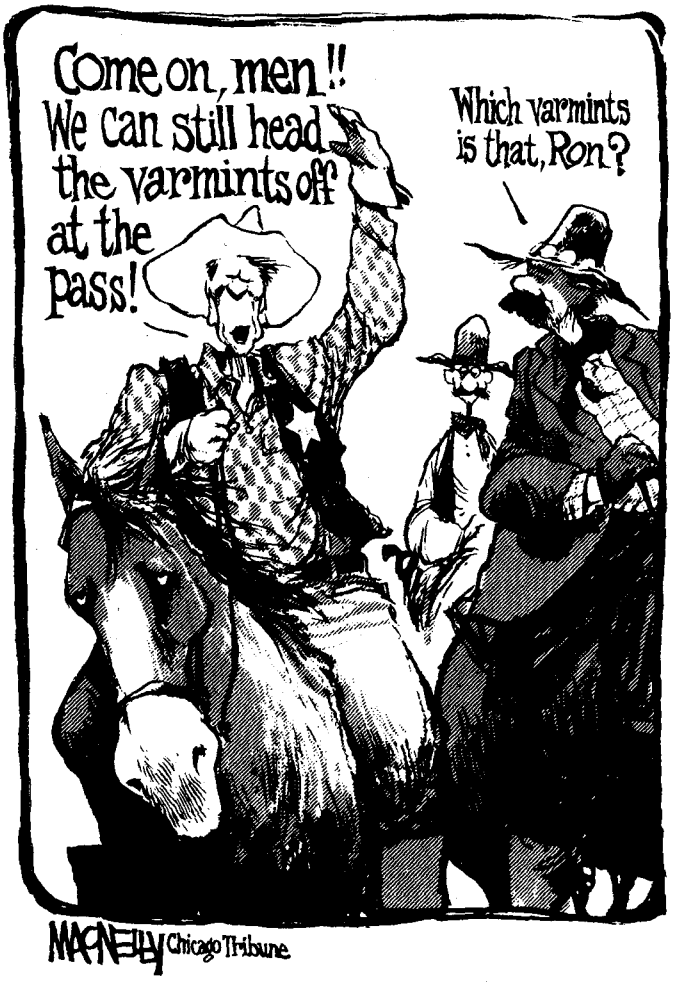
"Hey, pal—I'll swap you a swig of my varietal for a swig of your varietal."



Williams, *Punch* Rothco

"Actually, I'm standing on a Russian submarine."



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Matthew Gairy, head of the Grenada United Labor Party, saw out the last British Governor-General of Grenada, Sir Ian Turbott, and continued the inherited Whitehall-style constitution, with its bicameral government.

Inclusive of his union days, Gairy was voted into office regularly for more than twenty years. It is hard to accept the current government's screams that these elections were fraudulent—all those years, those huge majorities? Today there is still considerable backing for Gairy among the rural over-thirties, though at the time of the Cuban coup the island was psychologically ready for a change, and Maurice Bishop would probably have won elections then, narrowly. Today he would have to rely on the under-13 vote to do so.

Radio Free Grenada, together with the government's newspaper, the *Free West Indian* (the word *free* recurring in measure as such societies are not free), now depicts Gairy as a fascist dictator, a madman devoted to UFOs, and every variety of capitalist hyena; falsified tape recordings are played to the young to bolster this portrayal. Today the whole of Gairy's government, excepting himself, is completing its third year in the harsh Richmond Hill prison, together with his Mongoose Gang, and they are likely to stay there indefinitely; his Deputy Prime Minister, Herbert Preudhomme, can only walk on crutches. *Verb. sap.* For all his errors and eccentricities Gairy allowed democratic procedures: elections, debate in the lower house (widely broadcast), the publication of a newspaper that excoriated him, called the *Torchlight*, more of which later. In return for his tolerance, he is currently being depicted to the young as a second Hitler, and they will doubtless grow up crediting this portrayal.

Meanwhile, setting the stage for the Cuban takeover, in the fall of 1976 Barbados had elections. The incumbent (and Gairy's friend), a lawyer called Errol Barrow, was considered a shoo-in, but he was defeated easily by the present premier (who has just defeated him again), Tom Adams. Gairy took heed, hied himself to the hustings, and won his 15-seat house a few months later, 9 to 6. The majority was there, but at this time Bishop stepped into the role of leader of the opposition, with his two henchmen, Kendrick Radix and Bernard Coard. This group came out of a mix of American Sixties-style radicals and London School of Economics dropouts. Gairy, like Eric Williams in Trinidad, had never, to his honor, used racial rhetoric, and he knew these new politicians as black-power enthusiasts; his intelligence service had large dossiers on their activities both in America and in London. But he badly underestimated the Cuban teeth behind the New Jewel Movement (NJM) and so, on the morning after he left to visit his mission to the UN, March 13, 1979, Bishop took power with Cuban arms and assistance in what is now annually celebrated as Grenada's glorious revolution, but was in fact more like something out of Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*.

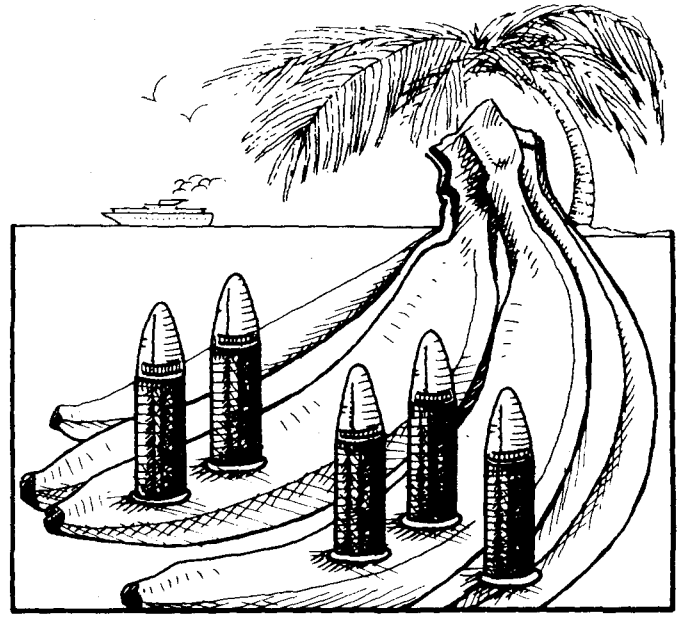
The day was punctuated by stentorian comic-opera radio bulletins from something called the People's Revolutionary Army (PRA) announcing the surrender of this or that country police station, which all concerned knew consisted of a board shack manned by a sleepy corporal and his dog. The police were disarmed (they had never had automatic weaponry, in any case); Gairy's small Defense Force was neutralized and imprisoned, some being needlessly shot; the entire government, barring those who could take to boats, were put in the cages of the hoosegow; and Bishop had his revolution *in nomine Fidelis*.

Bishop and the Cubans behind him played their cards coolly. Arms had been smuggled out of America for the coup, thanks to the help of some Howard University students, but were seized in the Carenage of St. George's by Gairy's Customs men shortly before he left for New York. The Cubans rapidly supplied the omission. Almost at once Soviet "cruise" liners put in and, together with Antonov transport aircraft, dumped three thousand stands of AK-47 rifles for Bishop's private army, the PRA, trained by Cuban military instructors and now numbering around four thousand. This force, backed by a thousand or so armed Cubans, is more than enough to keep an island of 100,000 submissive and unarmed inhabitants under the gun.

In succeeding months, while Bishop wooed the Chamber of Commerce, politically a naïve group, military equipment began to pour into Grenada, including Soviet SA-9 Gaskin surface-to-air missiles and quadruple-barreled TSU anti-aircraft guns, far beyond the needs of suppressing the population. The landing of these and other impedimenta, including Soviet Lada police cars, was impossible to conceal, even at night.

In December 1979, a carefully selected Cuban work force arrived to prepare an "International Airport" (with a runway of nearly 11,000 feet, one of the longest in the Caribbean) ostensibly to improve tourism for the island but clearly to sit on top of some vital oil routes. A glance at Churchill's war memoirs (the *Hinge of Fate* volume, 1942/43) shows how strategically important the Germans considered these oil lanes, with one map giving U-boat positions in enormous concentration around Trinidad.

The Cuban force in Grenada utilizes Soviet trucks and matériel supplied as a result of a treaty signed in Moscow by Deputy Prime Minister Coard granting Soviet Tu-95 ("Bear") aircraft landing rights. A careful article in *National Defense* for May-June 1981 rehearses the exact nature of the Soviet hardware currently in Grenada, a buildup now including a terrorist school run by the Cuban secret police (DGI) near La Sagesse Bay, for it is no longer possible to keep the cat in the bag thanks to a number of Cuban defectors debriefed in Washington. The most valuable of these was Ambassador Rizo's second-in-command, Carlos Pedro Tariche Reina.



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The cane-cutter is exhorted to love his brothers in Zimbabwe and Namibia, of neither of which he has ever heard

Defectors are nearly always from the ranks of technicians, engineers, surveyors, who are permitted to make their way to and fro unescorted, and quite frequently change countries rather than planes in places like St. Vincent or Barbados. The construction gangs, meanwhile, are brought down in ships. They are strictly supervised, frequently rotated, disallowed transistors, discouraged from fraternizing, and subjected in their camps and barracks to barrages of unbelievable propaganda from loudspeaker systems. Your average Cuban bulldozer operator stomachs this Alice-in-Wonderland world for two reasons: he hasn't got much alternative; and by working in Grenada or Angola or South Yemen he gains points which put him high on the list for a toaster, or whatever, when he gets back home and reports to his revolutionary block committee.

During the initial period of his Cuban vicarage, Bishop's task was both to mollify and to raise consciousness. In the first of these roles he allowed the *Torchlight*, which had so vehemently supported him against Gairy, to continue publishing a while, until it first invited him to make good his promise of elections, and then reprinted a *National Geographic* piece on life in Cuba, whereupon it was seized and stopped as counter-revolutionary, clearly on orders from above. Grenada remained without any free press until, in June 1981, 26 leading men and women of the business community brought out a temperate broadsheet, barely critical of the New Jewel Movement at all, the *Grenadian Voice*: "We have no axe to grind except the axe of the people who want a medium for free expression." The reaction, when it came after three days' silence (and doubtless consultation with Havana), was paranoic. About a third of "the Gang of 26" were put in prison, including a former enthusiast for, and Assistant Attorney General to, the NJM itself, Lloyd Noel. They linger there still.

The number of political opponents initially subjected to imprisonment (or "detention") after Bishop's coup was around 120. This figure has greatly swollen since. A large number of men and women are held without charges or *habeas corpus* (an imperialist tool, according to one of Bishop's statements). They seem likely to remain in prison indefinitely. Reprisals against relatives of the "Gang of 26" are the order of the day. Some had their telephones and cars taken, and were harassed in various ways, while one, Alister Hughes, an internationally known journalist, was put under house arrest. Many newspapers in the region, from Jamaica's *Daily Gleaner* to the *Trinidad Guardian*, pleaded on Hughes's behalf, to no avail.

For now the gloves are off. During the past year Cuba has suffered a number of serious ideological losses in the British Caribbean. The rot set in in Cuba's neighbor, Jamaica, at the end of 1980; Prime Minister Michael Manley had been shouting *¡Viva la Revolución!* with the best of them and prematurely crowing over a victory at the polls he never got. Instead the Jamaican populace turned out with great courage (given that there were Cuban or Cuban-trained hit squads roaming the country) and gave Edward Seaga 51 seats out of sixty. Today Manley is discredited even within his own party, but few Americans know how close a call it was; Jamaica could easily have been another Cuba.

Then other islands followed suit in turning westward. Tom Adams and Milton Cato were both recently re-elected in, respectively, Barbados and St. Vincent. Mrs. Mary Eugenia Charles got in in ravaged Dominica. Fire-breathers of the Marxist Left like Odlum and Louisy (in St. Lucia) were forced to step aside or change their tune. In Antigua, Vere Bird remains a pillar of support for America, and anathema to Bishop and his boys. In oil-rich Trinidad that great statesman Sir Eric Williams refused even to open communications from Bishop; thanks to his firmness, guerrilla activity some years before, in the rain forests north of Arima, had ended largely on the gallows (provoking the Benevolent Association of the Trinidad Police to plead for extra take-home pay as hangmen, since theirs was specialist work). Williams died quietly just before the attempt on the Pope's life, so that his contribution to democracy was not given its due in the press; his death went unmentioned in Grenada; his deputy, George Chambers, has succeeded him. Faced with these losses, Cuba is not likely to give up its foothold on Grenada, nor let its quisling there be overthrown.

In fact, there is now considerable pressure on St. Lucia, which is also on the brink. St. Lucia already has a jet strip, Vigie, surrounded by empty land suitable for a base, and it has large Amerada Hess transshipment terminals. After a general strike in January of this year, with the same configuration as that which started Grenada's NJM on its road to power, the incumbent Premier Winston Cenac handed over power to the leader of the smallest opposition party, Michael Pilgrim, a radical leftist (and friend of Bishop) who immediately started to make himself look reasonable. But he didn't move fast enough. In this spring's elections, John Compton, the moderate, pro-American former prime minister, won overwhelmingly.

So Bishop continues to transport his armed children to his well-choreographed rallies, to throw filth on the United States, to pass whimsical People's Laws against which there is no appeal, and generally to take over everything, his bag to date including a bank, four hotels, the electric company, a Coca-Cola bottling plant, and the properties of several Americans who got in the way.

Everyone in Grenada is worse off today than when the NJM took power. The roads are unbelievable. The banana and nutmeg trade is dramatically down, tourism virtually non-existent. The economy is in shambles. In 1980 Grenada had a *visible* trade deficit of $34 million. Destabilization! cries Bishop to such revelations. Sabotage of the revolution! Come and see for yourselves!

In 1981 liberal TV commentator David Marash did just that. He saw for himself, and his subsequent four-part CBS documentary proved an eye-opener, with its evidence of intimidation of Grenadians in America, reprisals against their families on the island, and torture of prisoners in Richmond Hill jail (this from a priest who was called in to give the last

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rites to a youth tortured, then finally shot by Cubans). Castration, with hot pepper rubbed into the wound, is alleged convincingly in the July 1981 issue of the *Grenadian*, the anti-NJM paper printed in Trinidad.

Naturally, there have been attempts on Bishop's life, as on Castro's, during this hardening period. The most sensational occurred on June 9, 1980, when a bomb exploded under the podium at Queen's Park just before the PRG leadership were to address a rally. Several girl cheerleaders were killed. Bishop then rushed out Cuban hit squads who killed, among others, some innocent Moslem youths and even a few New Jewel supporters.

In all of this, what has been interesting to watch has been the Cubanizing of a second Albion, for in many ways West Indians are the last Englishmen around, certainly the best cricketers. Put three to work in your garden and two will be calling the third *sir* in minutes. The French left religion to these islands, 90 per cent Catholic with a strong Baptist fringe. The English left a school system, now with its "O" and "A" level examinations, and thus an addiction to hierarchic values. Bishop is trying to do away with all this, seizing the last private school as too "elite," firing teachers who will not indoctrinate nor take their classes to the endless rallies designed to cheer him on. In fact, he still has an uphill battle turning even the educated youth on to Cuba since nearly everyone on Grenada, as on Jamaica, has some relative or friend in England or America, and knows that neither is exactly hell on earth. The cane-cutter listens, baffled, as he is exhorted to love his brothers in Zimbabwe and Namibia, of neither of which he has ever heard; he is far more at home with the batting order of the West Indian cricket team.

In the end two questions may be asked of this, as of any Cuban annexation: What if anything is America doing about it? And what is likely to happen?

First, there is nothing America can do about the Grenadian situation. Obviously no one is about to send in the Marines to prevent an impoverished Third World country from building itself a jet airport, even with Cuban aid. In neighboring Barbados, however, the Reagan Administration has replaced the weakly liberal ambassador, Carter appointee Sally Shelton, with Nebraska businessman Milan Bush. It has also shored up the Barbados staff with hard-hitting Chargé d'Affaires Kim Flower and secretaries such as the intelligent Claremont graduate Larry Rossin. Both are of course accused by Bishop of being CIA agents. Meanwhile if Venezuela were Israel it might by now have gone in and dealt summarily with the Egmont Harbor threat in Grenada. But it is not Israel, and in a year's time Grenada-based Cuban MiG-27s will be sitting astride the shipping route of 56 per cent of America's Eastern Seaboard oil.

In a year Grenada-based Cuban MiG-27s will be sitting astride the shipping route of 56 per cent of America's Eastern Seaboard oil

In answer to the second question, Grenada will continue to develop into more and more of a Cuban satellite. Its white-collar class will continue to emigrate, chiefly to Canada, since it does not want a) to be put in prison, or b) to have its children made Marxists. There remains the no-collar class—the nutmeg growers and the banana and sugar harvesters—which is basically conservative and now helpless against the AK rifles of its children, who are actively encouraged to denounce "destabilizers." Grenada has no Seaga and no chance of free elections.

Tutored by the DGI from Havana, Bishop will hold ever more rallies, with compulsory attendance, become daily more abusive of the United States and sycophantic toward the Soviet Union, until his satrapy slips into the same status (as he undoubtedly hopes it will) as Russia-supported Cuba. It is doing so rapidly; when the British-owned and locally operated electric company began dunning the Bishop regime for overdue debts on its Esso dieseline, Bishop solved the situation by wiping out the debt (confiscating shares) via a People's Law, and found himself with a number of inoperative generators on his hands; it was the Cubans who repaired and replaced the generators in Grenada's Queen's Park Power Station, and the Cubans who now run it. They are not doing so for nothing.

If this drift continues, the Geest banana boats out of Cardiff will cease arriving for their bruised cargo (already being rejected by the British housewife in favor of the South American banana), and the Atlantic Lines will cease bringing in freight from the United States. Quarantine will go up. Finally, Grenada will be ostracized from Caricom (the principal inter-island trading organization) by pro-Western neighbor states, led by Barbados, and it will effectively become another Cuba. The shops will empty, as they have begun to already. (When staples like cement arrive in batches from Cuba the rumor soon gets around that "de cemen' boat, he in," with a resultant line of beaten-up trucks waiting at dockside.) The private sector will cease to exist. The platinum beach scene will be, as it is already becoming, the preserve of East German and Russian "cruise" tourists and charter groups from Africa and America. It is a bleak prospect, but a likely scenario. □

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ANOTHER VOICE

A Star Is Born

AUBERON WAUGH

Of all the various forms of press censorship, an unspoken agreement between newspaper editors to exercise voluntary self-censorship strikes me as the most sinister. One such suspicion occurred to me at Easter of last year, when they showed a documentary film about the private life of Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips on television. In the Princess Anne Mrs. Mark Phillips (or Dame Anne Phillips, as I maintain she should be called after receiving the GCVO for bravery in resisting kidnap by a madman called Ian Ball a short time after her marriage) it seemed to me that a new star had been born. I expected the television critics to be raving about her.

Instead of which, they all tastefully looked the other way. I did not see a single mention in any newspaper of this supremely comic performance. I was in hospital at the time, and it had the patients falling out of their beds. My family, quite independently, watched it in Somerset, and felt so moved they had to telephone me about it. Everybody I met who had seen it felt the same. Yet not a word appeared in the newspapers the next day.

Distinctly Lovable

The qualities of gracelessness and charmlessness portrayed in that memorable film were of an epic order in themselves, but when coupled with a readiness to be exposed on television they approached the sublime. To be as awful as that, and prepared to show it off without the slightest awareness of what you were showing, suddenly became distinctly lovable. Princess Anne was the original pantomime dame, and if she could reconcile herself to the role she would win an instant place in her people's hearts as well as adding hugely to the general gaiety of the nation. But the newspapers, as I say, ignored her.

From that moment, I followed her career more carefully, even making her the object of a private cult. Her friends, we were told, included Mr. Jackie Stewart (the racing driver) and Mr. Anthony Andrews, the actor who delighted us all by showing us his bottom in *Brideshead Revisited*. She won golden opinions at the time of the snows by driving a sack of coal (or possibly potatoes or nuts) to an old-age pensioner in her neighborhood. Earlier this year, she opened an abattoir in the North of England and stayed to watch some animals being slaughtered. More recently she visited the Royal Veterinary College in London and stayed to watch some operations being carried out on a cat and a dog. This Dame, as I say, had star quality.

Then suddenly last week, the truth dawned. Those lucky enough to see her on television in New Mexico being told that the Princess of Wales had given birth to a son—I saw it three times, and for the first time in my life wished I had a video machine to capture the magic moment—will never forget it:

"Your Royal Highness, any word about Princess Diana?"

"I don't know. You tell me."

"Your reaction to her having a son?"

"I didn't know she had one."

"This morning."

"Oh, good."

The Palace later explained that she was not sure the reporter was telling her the truth. Earlier, she had heard the rumor of a royal birth which turned out to be false. But this does not explain her answers to other questions on the tour, or, indeed, her answers on this occasion:

"How are you enjoying your visit to New Mexico?"

"Keep your questions to yourself."

As an answer, this must rank with the classic reply of the prison warder in *Two-Way Stretch*: "Silence! When you're talking to *me*."

It was a bravura performance from start to finish. Asked how it felt to be an aunt for the first time, she riposted: "That's my business, thank you." Which prompted an old lady present to ask (according to the *Daily Mirror*): "Who would want her for an aunt?"

Well, I would for one. She belongs to a grand old tradition of English aunts, stretching from Wodehouse through Saki and Wilde to Jane Eyre's Aunt Reed and no doubt further back than that. Every child should have at least one aunt like that, and it is one of the sorrows of my life that I never did. The Americans had a word for her, to contrast her with the Prince of Wales—"his sister's a sourpuss but he's a real sweetie"—and it was this word which the *Mirror* seized on for Thursday's memorable leading article, "Princess Sourpuss":

"*If Princess Diana is the best advert for Britain, Princess Anne is the worst.*

"It is bad enough when she is miserable and rude in this country.

"When she behaves like that abroad, as she has in America, she lets Britain down.

"*She doesn't appear able to share the joy over the birth of her nephew . . .*

"Princess Anne is paid £2,050 *a week* from public money, tax free. For that, we are entitled to expect a lot.

"And we don't even get a smile.

"*She has earned herself a new title: Princess Sourpuss.*"

Oh, What a Scowl!

Oh dear. *Poor* Princess Anne. But when the press and public have digested their new discovery, I hope that they will settle down, like me, to loving our Sourpuss Princess. Why on earth should she be anything but a sourpuss, if that is her nature? The great embarrassment of her previous image, while the press and broadcasting people were tacitly agreeing to protect her, was that we were expected to revere a nondescript young woman who was plainly neither very intelligent nor very charming. Now, at long last, we learn that she is not nondescript at all, but a genuine and unmistakable eccentric. For my £2,050 a week, I would prefer to see her scowl. Her smile, through no fault of her own, is rather a horrible thing. We have been living with it now for over 31 years, and it added nothing to the good cheer of the nation. Her scowl, on the other hand, is sincere and genuine and immensely enjoyable, making a huge contribution

(Continues on page 1168)

Mr. Waugh, a longtime contributor to NR, *is a regular columnist for* The Spectator, *from which this piece is reprinted.*

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Who'll Reign in Spain?

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

At least two miracles have occurred in Spain's recent political history. The first is the transition from a military dictatorship to a royal democracy, and the second is King Juan Carlos's preservation of that royal democracy against a military coup. However, though Spain's mixed government continues to function (weighted heavily toward parliament), it will be another miracle if it keeps functioning for long. The next big test comes October 28, when the voters of Spain will go to the polls for the third time since the death of Franco.

Spain has a tradition of partly representative government, embodied in the *Cortes* (legislature), that dates back as far as Britain's Parliament. Then came the Reformation. In Britain, the Reformation had the effect of increasing the power vested in Parliament; in Spain, its effect was the opposite, the reaction against it bringing about the rise of royal absolutism—though always tempered by fierce individualism. George Ticknor, the Boston Brahmin who traveled the Iberian peninsula just after the Napoleonic wars, wrote his father that nowhere had he found a people so dedicated to liberty as the Spanish.

At that, Ticknor probably didn't realize that only a few years earlier Spain had experienced the military shock of a French occupation that provoked violent Spanish resistance, and, once Napoleon's armies were repulsed, the political shock of the Constitution of Cadiz (1812), which rivaled the Constitution of 1791 in revolutionary France. As a result of Cadiz, Spain was divided between *liberales* (the first use of the word as a political designation), who supported the constitution, and *serviles*, who opposed it. From that time on, Spain has been torn between Right and Left.

The country's history throughout the nineteenth century and the first forty years of the twentieth is one of unbelievable violence and unrest. From September 1833 to September 1868—35 years—there were 41 governments, two civil wars (the first one lasting six years), two regencies, one dethronement, three new constitutions, and 15 military uprisings. From the fall of Isabel II in 1868 until 1902, when Alfonso XIII took over from his mother's regency, there were 27 changes of government, a civil war lasting seven years, a foreign king, the First Republic (four presidents in 11 months, two assassinated), two new constitutions, and a foreign war.

I will not attempt to explain Spain's history in this century because this would probably require unlearning all the conventional wisdom taught in school and parroted by the media, but I will take one example of the received wisdom about Spain: the "fascist" regime of General Franco. The Franco regime was never fascist; it was a military dictatorship pure and simple. It was started and organized, not by Franco, but by General José Sanjurjo (who was killed in an airplane accident while trying to return to Spain from Portugal at the beginning of the Civil War), and it was headed by General Miguel Cabanellas until October 1936 when Franco was elected to replace him as head of the junta. The vast majority of the generals weren't conservatives but disillusioned republicans (Franco among them) who had come to believe that the democratic republic was an utterly unworkable form of government for Spain.

In his final years Franco became convinced that the monarchy alone assured continuity and that a new constitution more attuned to the Spanish character and traditions, and differing radically from foreign patterns, had to be adopted. Franco got half of what he wanted. The monarchy was restored, but the new constitution again followed Western patterns—and it is indeed proving more and more unworkable. Harold Laski's two premises for sound parliamentary rule—a common ideology and a two-party system—are out of the question in Spain. They can be achieved in a "communitarian" nation, but never among strong individualists.

So what is the situation at present? Of the centrifugal ethnic forces only one is still violently active: the Basques. The centripetal forces, the monarchy and the church, aren't very dynamic either these days. The constitutional monarchy plays a rather sketchy role, and the Spanish Church, suffering its share of the crisis afflicting the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, tries unsuccessfully to be all things to all men.

As for party politics, the Center is not in the center but on the Right—the *Union del Centro Democrático* (UCD). The UCD remains the governing group in the *Cortes*, but it appears to be splitting up. Its leader and founder, Adolfo Suarez, has left it and, with a group of deputies (most of them from Catalonia), formed the *Centro Democrático Social* (CDS). In a previous exodus former Justice and Finance Minister Francisco Fernández Ordóñez and nine members of the UCD formed the *Partido de Acción Democrática* (PAD) and it's not impossible that the CDS and the PAD may join forces. They might even some day form a coalition government with the big *Partido Socialista Obrero Español* (PSOE), the Socialist party under the leadership of Felipe González.

To make matters yet more confusing, another new party of the Right has been founded: the *Partido Democrático Popular* (PDP). It is Christian and conservative and, in time, might conceivably cooperate with the "extreme" right-wing *Alianza Popular* of Manuel Fraga Iribarne, which has done well in local elections, much to the alarm of the Left.

Spain today finds itself mired in all the ideological battles besetting Europe. One is reminded of the French outcry in the 1870s: "The Republic—beautiful it seemed in the time of the Empire!" In the same vein one Spanish democrat might now say to another: "Oh, for the wonderful days when we were both running down Franco!"

Will there be a Socialist government after the October elections? If the Communists switch over and vote for González, the answer is yes. He is, as of this writing, leading in all the public-opinion polls. But Fraga's *Alianza Popular* may prove to be a dark horse. Whoever wins, the contest may be too much for Spain's fragile democratic system. □

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The Land That Burns

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

The Angry West: A Vulnerable Land and Its Future
By Richard D. Lamm and Michael McCarthy
Houghton Mifflin, 344 pp., $13.95

This book has a marvelous natural balance that is part political and historical; part philosophic, part poetic.

> On a summer day, wind whips across the Piceance Basin, filling the sky with a dusty mist, and wildflowers dance on the prairie floor. A farmhouse sits against the mesa wall, its skin peeling in the sun, framed by cottonwoods that rooted here before man. Alfalfa fields ripple for miles, purple-green and lush, and the fragrance of new-mown hay hangs in the air like a rare perfume. The land, the sky, the streams are life, are home.
>
> And beneath them all lies the rock that burns.

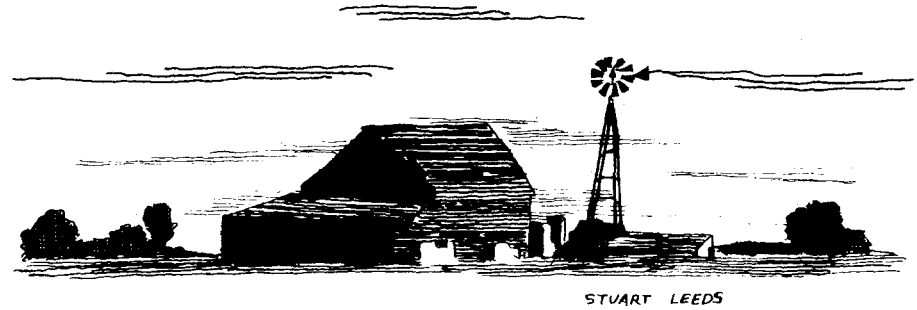
If you know and love the American West you will recognize at once the West Slope of Colorado, disdaining the clue that locates you beyond peradventure in oil-shale country. You don't quite resent the subtle rhetorical prod reminding you of the ever-present future that hangs upon the West, just as the everpresent past hangs yet upon the South. "One West is dying," as Messrs. Lamm and McCarthy observe, "and a new one is being born. Life is change. No civilization is static. Yet there is a nostalgia for the dying West." Only that word, "nostalgia," strikes the ear for its understatement, indeed inadequacy. "Pity the man," Eugene O'Neill wrote, "who loves what death can touch."

Richard Lamm is the Democratic Governor of Colorado; Michael McCarthy, a Colorado journalist. Their book is an attempt to convey the attitude of Westerners toward the impending and (even in Western terms) unprecedented regional development promised by the nation's determination to solve the so-called "energy crisis," close the "window of vulnerability," and leach the overcrowded Northeast of its surplus, jobless population. As such it is a brilliant success: a clear and wholly recognizable distillation of the issues and concerns being debated, day in and day out, in newspapers, town councils, and state legislatures throughout the West. From my study in Kemmerer, Wyoming —a town of five thousand people situated on the edge of the Overthrust Belt and now critically "impacted," in the jargon of planners, by the influx of people arrived to extract the phenomenal oil and gas deposits from a ribbon-like freak of geology—the terrain is instantly familiar: oil shale and the West Slope, coal and the Powder River Basin, the MX missile and the Great Basin, the ETSI coal-slurry pipeline and the battle for the Madison Acquifer. Secretary of the Interior James Watt versus the Washakie Wilderness, the Capitan Wilderness, the Bob Marshall Wilderness. Evanston, Wyoming; Craig, Colorado. Trailer parks, man-camps, drugs, booze, crime. Doubling and tripling small-town populations on non-existent tax bases. Boom towns, ghost towns. Subdivisions, platting, "impact." Chevron, Amoco, Hampshire, Exxon, TOSCO. Sagebrush Rebellion, the Bureau of Land Management. . . . Here is what the West talks and thinks of, from Reno, Nevada to Gallup, New Mexico; from Colstrip, Montana to Rock Springs, Wyoming; from Delta, Utah to Rifle, Colorado. Out here it is the stuff of life itself. It is the past, the present, and the future. "Our story," the authors insist,

> is not a polemic. It is personal. It is not objective. It is not meant to be. It is a subjective and personal look at the West. . . . It is not written in negativism, but in sadness. It is bittersweet, not pessimistic. It is protest, lament, anger. . . . It is written not to justify anger, but to explain it.

Lamm and McCarthy are successful at conveying the mind of the contemporary West precisely because of this quality of ambivalence, itself the product of unresolved attitudes. All the re-

M. E. Bradford *is a professor of English at the University of Dallas and the author of* A Worthy Company *and other books. . . .* **Jeffrey Hart**'s *latest book is* When the Going Was Good: American Life in the Fifties. . . . **Terry Teachout** *is jazz critic for the* Kansas City Star. . . . **Chilton Williamson Jr.** *is the author of* Roughnecking It *and* Saltbound: A Block Island Winter.



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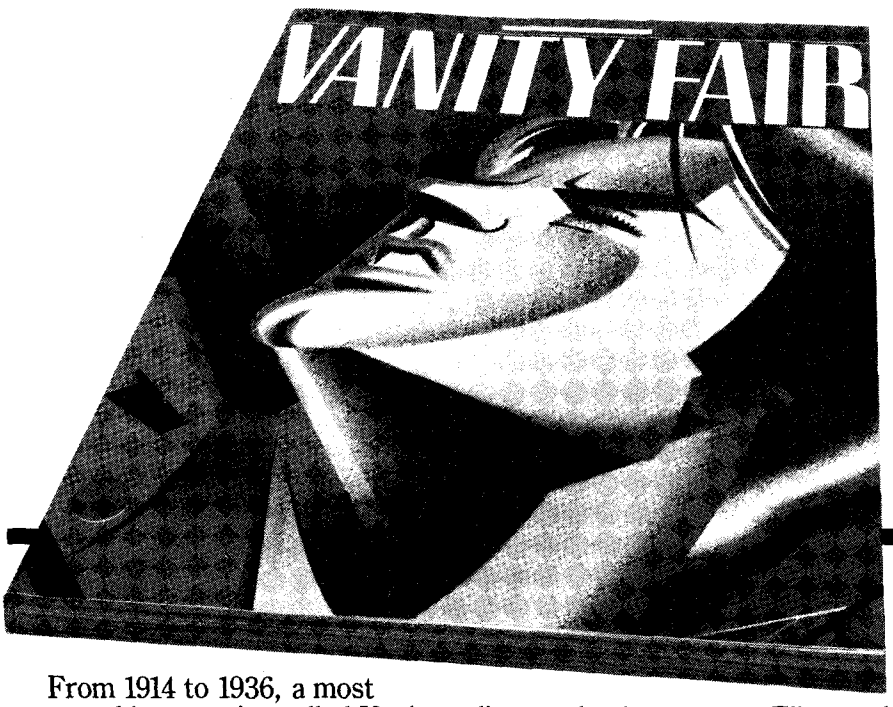

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME OCTOBER TITLES: Clive Irving's *Promise the Earth* (Harper & Row, $15.95) is a well-written historical novel dealing with Palestinian politics between 1916 and 1919. . . . Maureen Howard's latest novel is *Grace Abounding* (Little, Brown, $12.95), about a mother and daughter, and their problematic relationship. Miss Howard's fiction is written to a particular taste, but it is well and skillfully done.

The Noel Coward Diaries (Little, Brown, $22.50), edited by Graham Payn and Sheridan Morley, consists of thirty years of journal-keeping up to Coward's death in 1973. They reveal chiefly a shallow and uninteresting man whose talents, after all, were essentially trivial and decadent: a bauble for theatergoers, celebrities, and socialites.

Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller (St. Martin's, $19.95), by Judith Thurman, looks to be an excellent biography of the author of *Seven Gothic Tales*, *Winter Tales*, and *Out of Africa*. . . . Annie Dillard's *Teaching a Stone to Talk: Expeditions and Encounters* (Harper & Row, $12.95) is pure Dillard, a lambent mysticism conjoined to a free-floating naturalism, not at all this man's meat though there are those that admire her work.

The Diary of Beatrice Webb, Vol. I: "Glitter Around and Darkness Within," 1873-1892 (Harvard, $25), edited by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie, shows a humorless, unimaginative woman preparing herself for a life devoted to what she, airily and comically, called "clearing up social questions." . . . Russell Baker's *Growing Up* (Congdon & Weed, $15) is the *New York Times* writer's autobiographical account of a childhood of poverty spent in the back country of Virginia and in New Jersey and Baltimore: something of a new literary vein for Baker, and a welcome one.

The Pursuit of Power (Chicago, $20), by William H. McNeill, is an account of the commercialization, bureaucratization, and industrialization of warfare over the past millennium. —CW

ally important questions of life are mortally unresolvable, and the plight of the West is eminently important: more than that, it is actually of symbolic importance, as William Faulkner's South is symbolically important. It is fitting therefore that, historically and philosophically, the American West should be riddled with a fundamental ambivalence clearly adumbrated by its quite peculiar, often contradictory, and never terribly consistent politics.

As McCarthy and Lamm are quick to remind us, the forces that confront the latter-day West are exceptional only for their magnitude. The history of the West is development, exploitation, immigration; the Sierra Club's wilderness idyll is a chapter of natural, not human, history. The West began filling up not in 1973 with the Arab oil embargo but in 1803 with the Louisiana Purchase, and for more than a century and a half the Leatherstockings have been fleeing into the back country before the advancing Chamber of Commerce types. Developers have co-existed uneasily with preservationists, the two personas residing frequently within the same breast. And this tension between progress and preservation has been exacerbated by native resentment of the West's colonial status, its economic dependence upon Eastern capital and capitalists: a forced dependence for the most part, which, as Westerners enter upon the most unbridled development in their history, promises to be as endemic to the future as it was to the past.

The politics of ambivalence are what they have ever been, a hybrid: exhibiting a fierce bias toward individualism and free enterprise admixed with a populist resentment culminating at times in an equally fierce socialistic bias. The West is Republican but it is not one big Chamber of Commerce. Recovering now from a recent enthusiasm for growth at any cost, the West has learned a lesson: "As growth occurs now, and as it affects the economic, social, and environmental life of the old West, people view it with skepticism, not antagonism. They are determined to go ahead, but to go more slowly." Westerners are also determined that development will be guided by some sort of national policy, rather than by the haste and carelessness that have imposed upon the West a history of boom followed by disaster and desolation, and that the Western states will have at least an equal voice in developing that policy, the contours of which Lamm and McCarthy suggest in a general sort of way.

Despite its astounding plenitude of material, this is not a public-policy book, which is why it is so good a one. Its aim is less to instruct than to render: to convey the drama of a human dilemma of tragic proportions, in which the exuberance of human activity, the undeniable imperative of a creative species, confronts the grandeur of a country and the quiet beauty of a dispersive civilization existing modestly in delicate symbiosis with it. In a gloss upon O'Neill, Flannery O'Connor remarked that it is man's glory, as well as his fate, to love what is perishable, and of course she is right. Without resorting to false sentiment, Lamm and McCarthy give you the American West as it is today. □

The Complete Anti-Federalist
Edited by Herbert J. Storing
Chicago, 1,754 pp., $150

NO TO LEVIATHAN

M. E. BRADFORD

After almost two hundred years of a common life under the aegis of the United States Constitution, Americans continue to have almost no notion of the historical origins of their form of government, nor any conception of the struggles which preceded its establishment. A natural curiosity concerning our patrimony should be enough to induce a respectful effort at correcting this lamentable situation, preferably in the context of bicentennial observations. Indeed several projects with such a purpose have been announced. They should be monitored with care. For, as we must remember, a dispute over the proper interpretation of our national beginnings is always a component of the shaping of our future as a people.

Therefore, clearing away the obfuscatory muddle which stands between our time and the birth of the Republic is a more than academic exercise. As we are defined by that segment of our past preserved in the Constitution, so control over how that past is perceived grants, at law, a measure of control over political choices yet to be made. To reconstruct the universe of discourse within which the once merely confederated states struggled to become more "perfectly united" is therefore an act of piety, a keeping of faith with *all* of our heritage from the Framers, not just that part of it emphasized in the sanctioned Federalist historiography.

The late Herbert J. Storing's *The Complete Anti-Federalist* is significant, first, for its gathering and organization of most of the documents which estab-

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THE BOOK THEY'D LIKE TO SPIKE

"The West and developing countries are filled with citizens who by reason of their positions are able to promote Soviet influence and expansionist goals."—Andrei Sakharov; Nobel laureate.

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(From a letter smuggled out of the USSR and printed in The New York Times, June 8, 1980.)

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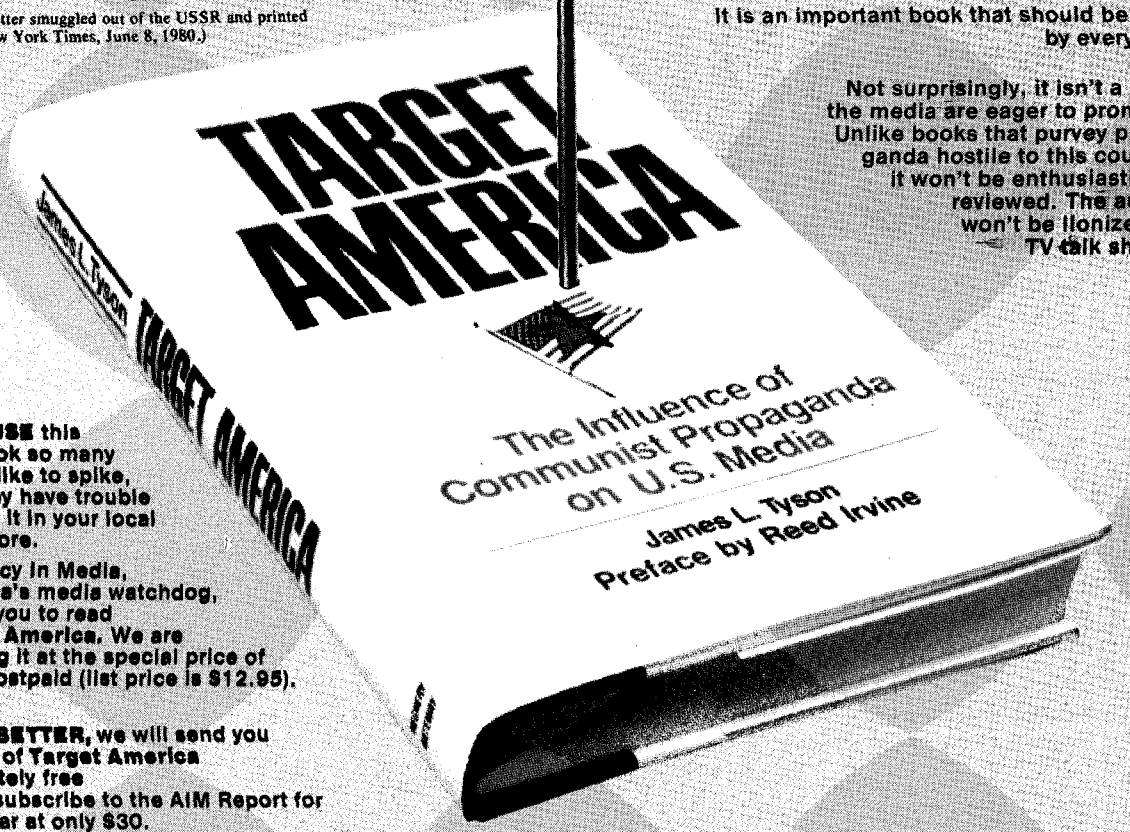

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lish that our Constitution was not approved without having been subjected to widespread and thoughtful opposition. Furthermore, Storing's work assists us in understanding why the Anti-Federalists, though finally overwhelmed by the logic of their situation and the rhetoric of their adversaries, were not the less popular party to this contest, nor necessarily the side with the weaker case.

The opening book in this seven-volume work offers a subtle reading of the political doctrine of Storing's subjects as it appears in the other six. This essay—under the title of *What the Anti-Federalists Were "For"*—points up the confusion which comes of assuming that Anti-Federalism was mere obscurantism given a plausible veneer by selfish local politicians who were afraid of losing their influence under a new fundamental law. Indeed, as Professor Storing argues, what our country has become since the Great Convention of 1787 is a comment on the foresight of the Anti-Federalist reservations concerning the document produced in that setting.

Now, not all of those reservations are given full weight in this book. A good argument could have been made for including in such an edition a larger sample from the transcripts of the state ratification debates—especially more of the quintessential Anti-Federalist, Patrick Henry. Furthermore, there are unusual and little-known materials in the records of the 1790 Rhode Island convention, and in the still largely unpublished Gilbert Livingston notes from New York. Most importantly, there is what we can infer from the questions which the Federalists answer—the evidence of what the Anti-Federalists were *against*—to say nothing of the equivocations of the mild Federalists. Not quite *all* of Anti-Federalism is accounted for in this "complete" work. Yet Storing's introductory essay is a major scholarly achievement, and his edition of the Anti-Federalist papers, if it does not close the conversation on the original critics of the Constitution, has at least reopened that discussion and brought it into a new phase.

Storing comes to the works of the reluctant Framers with the preoccupations of a political philosopher, which is both the strength of his interpretation and the source of his trouble. For as Pierce Butler of South Carolina reminded his associates in the Constitutional Convention, their task was to draw up "not the best government [they] could devise; but the best [the people] would receive." James Madison, James Wilson, George Mason, Luther Martin, Charles Pinckney, and others in that company did have political philosophies of their own. But the business before the house, as they all finally recognized, was to raise a revenue, establish a sound currency, remove trade barriers between the states, and provide for the common defense. The dream of federal power as a moral force, defined by its commitment to lofty principles, could not be easily realized out of 13 ineluctably different versions of "the best possible city."

THE GREATEST weakness in Storing's approach to the Anti-Federalists is its dependence upon a misconception of the national bond as formally antecedent to written compacts among the people of the disparate states, first in the Articles of Confederation and then in the Constitution—the thesis of his colleague, William Crosskey. Storing underestimates the power of sectional feeling as a political force in the 1780s, the role of the states in protecting the balance of powers, and the connection between the Framers' concern with the political "virtue" of American citizens and the restriction of all federal authority over what the Fathers called "internal police"—i.e., individual rights in the states and local communities. It does not occur to him that many of the Anti-Federalists spoke of "virtue" and "the genius of the people" *because* they wished to see life as they knew it left undisturbed. Such equation of the ancestral and the good is unthinkable for a disciple of Leo Strauss. But this evidently was the case—modified only by experience of the Revolution, which did little to dispose the men who had fought through it to create in its wake a remote and unresponsive authority which might someday aspire to bind them "in all cases whatsoever."

There were all kinds and sorts of Anti-Federalists, set apart from one another as were the supporters of the Constitution by the wide variety of their contradictory motives and purposes. The common denominator among the opponents of adoption—Samuel Chase and John Lansing, Rawlins Lowndes and Joshua Atherton, Thomas Sumter and Thomas Nelson, George Mason and Elbridge Gerry, Willie Jones and Melancton Smith—was their desire to restrain the Leviathan, to leave a little room for society to flourish without teleocratic directions from the state. But in the drafting of the Constitution and in the state ratification conventions (which had the force of law) the two sides of the debate merged a little and modified one another—not only in the text finally affirmed but also in the way that it was questioned, construed, and defended. Hence the Anti-Federalists, with all their horror of concentrated power, were themselves Framers by indirection. And they were more straightforwardly involved in forcing their opponents to accept the Bill of Rights—designed chiefly to limit the power of the general government. For they too had wanted a new constitution, if not *too* new.

From obscurity and neglect Herbert Storing has gathered, edited, and linked into a pattern a set of texts which had almost disappeared from our view. In recalling the witness of these true "sons of liberty" and in providing us with the materials for recreating the original dialectic of American politics he has performed a great service to his country, which stands in greater and greater need of that prescription. □

The New Elite: The Death of Democracy
By David Lebedoff
Watts, 194 pp., $11.95

OUR NEW BETTERS

JEFFREY HART

This book is a real sleeper, a major and original work slipping into the circle of attention and bursting into a blaze of social and political illumination. I had never heard of David Lebedoff, a lawyer and former official of the Minnesota Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party (Humphrey-Mondale country—nothing to light up the sky there). The book comes to us via Franklin Watts, a not very well-known publisher, in a rather dreary format.

But it's a tremendous work, radiant with intelligence, containing new things in every paragraph. It belongs to a recent tradition in political analysis which views the emergence of a new post-World War II elite as the central political fact of the period, and it furthers the work of such writers as Kevin Phillips, Ben Wattenberg, Daniel Bell, Robert Whitaker, and Patrick Buchanan.

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Lebedoff argues that a "new elite" has emerged based upon testable intelligence. He views it as thrusting for power, profoundly distrustful of majority rule, and subversive of our representative institutions.

Lebedoff begins with these propositions: 1) If differences in mental ability are transmitted genetically and environmentally; and 2) if success requires superior mental ability; and 3) if earnings and prestige depend upon success; then 4) social standing (which reflects earnings and prestige) will be based to some extent on differences among people which are transmitted genetically and environmentally.

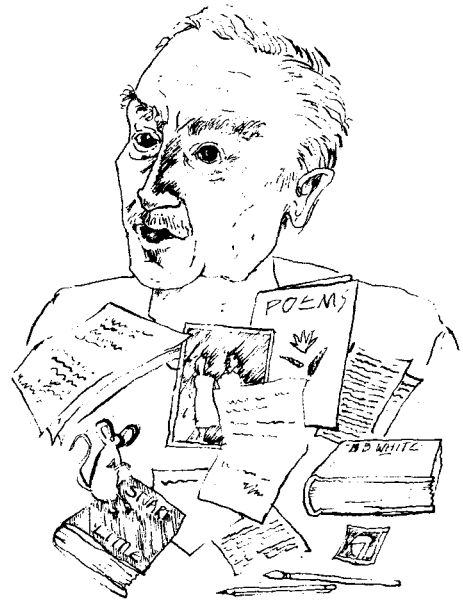
In post-World War II society, in which intelligence testing played an ever-increasing role, "young people with higher IQs were first identified and then segregated on campuses during the same years in which many of them chose their marriage partners. It was understandable that they would choose each other. For the first time in the history of this planet, stratification by IQ was almost assured." The children of such couples "would almost certainly be of higher intelligence than the average. The children are members of the new class, too, educated as highly as their parents, and likely to mate with others of similar background. The new class is therefore self-perpetuating . . . Once its members are off the campuses, they usually work and live only with one another."

Processed upward by academia, the New Elite is conscious of itself as a social entity. "Rejection of roots," notes Lebedoff, "is a prerequisite for membership in the New Elite; adherence to roots (or class or caste or faith) is the primary barrier to such membership." As an outward sign of membership, the new class has created its own styles of dress, interior decoration, cuisine, architecture. You drive a Volvo, not a Cadillac. You do not wear a mink coat to a faculty party. Lebedoff is brilliant on all of this.

But he is also serious about his subtitle, "The Death of Democracy." He sees that "For the first time in the Western democratic tradition, many educated liberals no longer instinctively believe in majority rule. . . . Why should one of *their* votes count the same as one of ours? . . . The New Elite claims moral superiority in order to bypass the need for obtaining majority support." In a superb *unmasking* discussion, Lebedoff shows how the principal recent political "reforms" have functioned to shift political power to the New Elite and, though sold as "fairer" and "more open," have actually made the political process more restrictive and less democratic.

"New rules have been introduced that are so complicated and difficult that only graduate students can understand them. . . . Labyrinthine rules and lengthy meetings are the poll tax that the New Elite has been imposing on everyone else." McGovernist reforms in fund-raising, racial and sexual quotas, the proliferation of primaries, and proportional allocation of delegates have all functioned to destroy the older political parties, which once were effective institutions of majority rule. (Every poll, notes Lebedoff, showed that Democratic voters preferred Hubert Humphrey to New Elitist Gene McCarthy in 1968; but Humphrey's victory was intolerable to the New Elite and so the rules had to be changed so that George McGovern could win in 1972.)

The New Elite rests its claims to prestige and power on its belief in measurable intelligence. But majority-rule politics rests on a very different assumption. There is no test that can determine whether one person's *experience* and *judgment* are superior to another person's. These are not quantifiable. The American political tradition, therefore, assumes that experience and judgment are distributed throughout the society: all men are created equal, in the sense that we do not assume one person's political perceptions and judgments to be superior to someone else's. But the assumptions of the New Elite are profoundly at odds with these assumptions of representative democracy.



In a superb chapter, Lebedoff shows that "judicial activism" is at war with majority rule, and that judicial restraint, which defers to the legislatures, is more democratic in character. And naturally, he observes, a great expansion of the power of the judiciary coincided with the emergence of the New Elite. Do not allow the majority—what Lebedoff calls the Left Behinds—to run their own lives. Tell them what to do. Elections are a damned inconvenience. Botch the process with endless "rules."

Lebedoff shines a powerful beam of light into the deep social and political waters of the last thirty years, the light of intelligence and concrete observation, and he is consciously in the mainstream of the American democratic political tradition. In his precision and his lucidity, he is a latter-day Tocqueville. □

Poems and Sketches of E. B. White
By E. B. White
Harper & Row, 217 pp., $13.50

A MAN OF MEDIUM HEIGHT

TERRY TEACHOUT

For a half-century or so, E. B. White has been turning out a slow but steady stream of essays, poems, prose sketches (or "casuals," as *The New Yorker* calls them) and books for children, all written in a subtly idiosyncratic style which was the despair of his imitators as far back as the early Thirties: informal in tone, precise in effect, and as fresh and unaffected as Fred Astaire singing an Irving Berlin tune. The stream has been more or less dried up for some time now—White's last "new" collection, *The Points of My Compass*, appeared in 1962—but, as if to compensate, Harper & Row has been putting together a uniform edition of sorts, starting, six years ago, with a volume of selected letters. *Essays of E. B. White* was brought out the following year; and now we have a generous helping of White's lighter prose and verse, called *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White*.

"This is a fraudulent book," White announces cheerily at the outset, ex-

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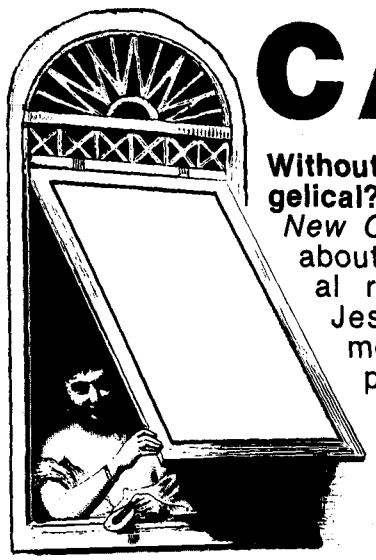

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plaining that "it is common knowledge that I have never received my accreditation papers admitting me to the ranks of American poets." Though a self-declared "non-poet," the author has nevertheless devoted a goodly portion of *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White* to a selection of his off-and-on efforts as a versifier; we learn that, besides being one of the most charming writers of light verse around, White is capable on occasion of writing lyrics fully as affecting as the best of his essays. ("The Cornfield," for example, captures in its 16 lines the sense of wonder at the beauty of nature with which the whole of *One Man's Meat* is suffused—and does so with enviable grace and economy.) E. B. White may not be a poet, at least not exactly; but whatever it is that he does with rhyme and meter is delightful and valuable in its own right.

THE SKETCHES included in the present volume, of course, are another matter entirely; ranging from witty little "Talk of the Town" *feuilletons* to stories which, like "The Hour of Letdown," are worthy of a Benchley or a Perelman at his best, they represent a side of White both widely known and universally esteemed. To be sure, not all of the prose pieces in *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White* are light by any means; "The Age of Dust" and "The Supremacy of Uruguay" are classic demonstrations of White's ability to strike a chilling note without ever once disturbing the conversational flow of his prose. And "About Myself"—that well-known *tour de force* of the cataloguer's art which begins "I am a man of medium height"—moves imperceptibly from clever spoofing to genuine satire, with an unexpectedly black thrust tucked into the final paragraph.

E. B. White and his unnamed editor at Harper & Row share responsibility for the contents of the new collection, and so they presumably share the blame for some disappointing omissions. Where, for instance, is the lethal Hemingway parody "Across the Street and into the Grill?" or that double-barreled Whitman sendup "A Classic Waits for Me"? Indeed, a quick look at the contents of *The Second Tree from the Corner*, the 1954 volume which *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White* is apparently intended to supplant, reveals that quite a few old favorites are missing—enough to make up still another volume's worth of pieces for the "uniform edition." There is another oddity worth mentioning: White has replaced the editorial "we" of the "Talk of the Town" pieces offered here with what he calls "the more forthright 'I.'" The pieces appeared as originally written in all previous reprintings, and somehow they sound a little bit peculiar in their new form.

These are comments rather than criticisms, however; one may presume that most of those interested in purchasing *Poems and Sketches of E. B. White* will already have a copy (dog-eared, no doubt) of *The Second Tree from the Corner*, and the new volume has enough previously uncollected and unpublished pieces to make it a worthwhile investment no matter how many White books the reader already owns. Perhaps a mop-up volume will appear in a couple of years; but, in any event, the three already published in this series constitute an appropriate tribute to one of America's greatest prose stylists, a writer who somehow casts a shadow all out of proportion to the "medium height" of his determinedly restricted output. E. B. White represents not one but three literary traditions that are rapidly dying out—the familiar essayist, the chatty correspondent, and the humorous humorist—and Harper & Row has now thoughtfully provided us with a book for each tradition. □

FILM

DISHONORED BONES

JOHN SIMON

O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag (to jive with Tom Eliot)! The boys are at it again, tearing Shakespeare to rags. This time we have *Tempest*, Paul Mazursky's modern-day fantasia on *The Tempest*, in which more than the definite article gets lost; and Woody Allen's *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* (the very title is offensive), in which Shakespeare's airiest invention as well as Ingmar Bergman's mellowest comedy are reduced to absurdity.

Tempest concerns Phillip Dimitrios, a supposedly brilliant architect, tired of building a gambling casino for the crime lord Alonzo, and restless in his marriage to Antonia, a former actress planning a rather desperate comeback. Antonia and Alonzo, he discovers, are having an affair, and the disgruntled Phillip leaves for an indefinite stay on a Greek island off the romantically godforsaken Mani in the southern Peloponnese. He takes along his teenaged daughter, Miranda, who is disgusted with her mother's infidelity, and picks up in Piraeus a sexy young American woman, Aretha, who, between major relationships, is supporting herself as a chanteuse in Athens. Though Phillip and Aretha became lovers, on the island he has gone celibate, much to her annoyance. Apparently the only other inhabitant of the island is Kalibanos, a goatherd who speaks good English, absorbs American pop culture from his television set, and acts as the local tourist guide, though there seem to be no tourists. Yet a boat makes periodic stops at the island; well, logic is not Mazursky's strong suit.

Equally unfortunate, in this script by Mazursky and Leon Capetanos, is the clumsy straining after Shakespearean parallels. This results not only in such improbable nomenclature as Aretha (Ariel), who, although white, was named after her parents' favorite singer, Aretha Franklin, but also in preposterous plot twists for the sake of parallelism. Thus to approximate the Prospero-Ariel relationship, the script comes up with Phillip's unexplained sexual abstinence—inexplicable when you consider that Aretha is played by the toothsome Susan Sarandon; but this can justify her discontent, for Aretha, like Ariel, must pine for liberation from her wise and good master.

Alonzo is cruising in the Aegean on his sumptuous yacht. His retinue comprises a comic named Trinc (though Culo might be more apposite), a fuddyduddy doctor named Sebastian (though played by the very un-Sebastianish Tony Holland, and actually corresponding to Stephano), a henchman called Harry Gondorf (Gonzalo), and his Gurdjieff-spouting blond starlet, Dolores (who seems to be the counterpart of Shakespeare's Sebastian, but our analogists get confused). Further, there is Alonzo's rebellious son, Freddy, and of course, Antonia, who wants to reclaim Miranda. Knowing Phillip's hideout, they set sail for it.

Phillip, meanwhile, has Miranda, Aretha, and Kalibanos toiling on the building (or rebuilding, it's not clear which) of a classical Greek amphitheater right outside the tower he and the women inhabit (a likely story!). Kaliba-

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nos tries cutely to ravish Miranda and overthrow Phillip's authority, both without success. Then a storm, apparently conjured up by Phillip—though the script is vague about how he did it—shipwrecks Alonzo and his motley crew. Rescued by Phillip and company, they partake in a gory and irrelevant ritual sacrifice of a kid (not Freddy or Miranda, though both are eminently expendable, but a young goat), and forthwith all kinds of reconciliations and realignments occur. Phillip, having said he is sorry, regains Antonia, and returns with her and Miranda to their fancy loft in Manhattan whither Freddy will follow. Freddy and Alonzo are emotionally reunited, and Alonzo and Aretha happily discover each other. Kalibanos dallies with Dolores, and all would be fine except that Phillip does not break his magic staff (actually a telescope—but he does let the rain wash it away), and Mazursky, though he has much better reason than Shakespeare had to do so, does not go into retirement.

Mazursky has always aspired to being a European-style filmmaker: more daring, freewheeling, and adult than his American colleagues. He has tried to ape Fellini and Truffaut, among others, but only once, in *An Unmarried Woman*, has he been even partially, remotely successful. He has two strengths: he can direct actors (having been an actor himself, and still doing amusing cameo roles in his films), and he can write intermittently funny contemporary American dialogue. What he can't do is write a coherent, consistent, and consequential story that is both original and thoughtful, and comes to grips with genuine problems in a believable way.

The Manhattan scenes of *Tempest*—and there are plenty of them—are all clichés: marital infighting, filial-parental estrangement, alienation from one's work (if Phillip is such a great architect, why is he reduced to building casinos for Mafia overlords?), and boring parties big and small. Athens becomes a colorful background for a trivial, hand-me-down affair. The island sequences are mostly farfetched and arbitrary, relieved here and there by a quirky, flavorous moment. Yet nowhere more than in the eponymous storm does Mazursky reveal the astronomic distance between himself and Shakespeare. For the Bard, the tempest was merely a device to bring about a situation in which poetic and philosophical speculation could thrive; hence it was a brief opening scene. For Mazursky, the tempest is the film's sensational climax, spectacularly devised by Bran Ferren, and gorgeously shot at the Cinecittà studio by Don McAlpine, the superb Australian cameraman. The true magic in *The Tempest* is the author's; in *Tempest*, it is merely the cinematographer's and the special-effects man's.

I am, of course, not expecting Mazursky to be Shakespeare, but anyone who plays around with the Bard invites some form of comparison. Even Mazursky's casting, however, is suicidal. The central couple, Phillip-Antonia, is played by real-life spouses, John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands. Cassavetes is a completely charmless actor, and one who cannot begin to convey intellectual depths and emotional complexities. As for the formerly attractive Miss Rowlands, she has let herself become flabby of face and bloated in body; her hysterical style, which once clashed poignantly with her good looks, now merely confirms her having gone to seed. And there is no reason whatsoever for Alonzo (Vittorio Gassman)—rich, powerful, and still handsome—to go ape over this Antonia, or, having done so, to relinquish her at the drop of a special effect. As already noted, the juveniles (Sam Robards and Molly Ringwald) are dully conceived and embodied, although Lucianne Buchanan is convincing as the stereotypical Dolores. Most effective are Raul Julia, fully believable as the jolly vulgarian Kalibanos; and Susan Sarandon, though not in peak form, as a still winning Aretha.

Stomu Yamashta's score is refreshingly different, and McAlpine's cinematography and the Mani landscape are matched in magnificence, though Mazursky's script keeps getting in the way of a potentially enjoyable travelogue. Significantly, the film's most admired scene has Raul Julia playing "New York, New York" on the flute to his goats; soon Liza Minnelli's version of the song takes over the soundtrack as the goats perform a part caprine, part anthropomorphic ballet. There is an almost identical (and likewise praised) sequence in Allen's *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, in which the forest animals cavort to Mendelssohn's music. Yet all of this was done to death long ago in the Walt Disney True-Life Adventures series.

THE WOODY ALLEN film, which derives ever so vaguely from both Shakespeare and *Smiles of a Summer Night*, is an utterly misbegotten item in which there is little sex and less comedy. The sex life of a Wall Street broker and addled inventor, Woody Allen, and his ditsy wife, Mary Steenburgen, has gone dead. For midsummer night's eve, they invite to their summer house in the woods a pompous elderly profesor, José Ferrer, and his promiscuous young fiancée, Mia Farrow. Also present are Tony Roberts, a philandering gynecologist and Allen's best friend, and his date, Julie Hagerty, a sweetly nymphomaniacal nurse.

Everyone in this sextet either has been, or will become in the next two days and nights, amorously involved with a different partner. The plot elements are schematic and forced, the couplings or near-couplings drably mirthless. The chief joke, quite possibly unintentional, is that these (by their costumes) turn-of-the-century characters speak and behave (albeit inconsistently) as people today would. The discrepancy is not truly amusing, and is, like most things about this movie, like playing tennis without a net. Moreover, Allen's gags are sparse, old, repetitious, or crude—often all of the above, as when Ferrer croakingly sings in the drawing room a version of The Lord's Prayer (though he is an atheist) while Miss Steenburgen, sexually indoctrinated by Miss Hagerty, tries to rape Woody on the kitchen table.

The script fluctuates unappetizingly between Allen's self-love and self-hate, and is also a fulsome tribute to his current inamorata, Mia Farrow, what with all three men most involved with her. But it is an even greater, though perhaps unconscious, tribute to the former inamorata, Diane Keaton, what with all three women

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inheriting aspects of her unsavory persona. Allen's wits are conspicuously flagging when you consider the film's chief invention: the spirit ball, a device looking like an antiqued anti-mosquito lamp, that conjures up some of the most pointless ghosts in cinema history. Gordon Willis's camera, however, does perform magic, but Woody, despite his sylvan handle, does not even make, in this sophomoric "sex comedy," the handsome woods come alive. He cannot see the forest for the pulp. □

TELEVISION

VIDEOLOGY

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The August *Harper's* ran a long attack on *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report* by Alexander Cockburn, the leftest leftist now afoot. Since Cockburn brings a truly Leninist clarity of purpose to everything he writes, I was curious as to why *M/L* got his dander up. His grievance, it turns out, is that *M/L* assumes that in every controversy there are two sides. He postulates that the show is boring, which it isn't, and he complains that the range of opinion it presents is all right-to-center, which it isn't. (I vividly remember a show on which a Cuba specialist from the Institute for Policy Studies argued that the Cuban refugees were greedy and criminal. That should have satisfied even Cockburn's taste.)

M/L is actually very informative and often dramatic. Its controversialists are usually politicians and lobbyists, which naturally imposes limits on how radical their views are likely to be. But it offers plenty of light and heat. I don't know of a better nightly show on the air.

What's more, it shoots very straight. The conservative side is usually well represented. That is a real TV rarity, and it probably explains why Cockburn singles *M/L* out for vituperation. Unlike the commercial network news shows, it really gives the viewer a chance to find out what all the shouting's about. This is the very opposite of what one expects from public TV, and no doubt Cockburn feels somehow betrayed.

Anyone who really thinks the range of opinion on *M/L* is narrow should home in on items like *Washington Week in Review* and *The Lawmakers*, where the fare is carefully limited to bland old-boy liberalism. *Week*'s panelists are types like Paul Duke, Haynes Johnson, and Charles Peters, who can be relied on to get in a word about (to take a recent instance) supply-side "ideology" or "theology," the implications being that no sane, normal person would entertain such delusions.

Actually, of course, these veteran liberals have an ideology of their own. I don't use the term invidiously; I mean that they have a more or less integrated (and, if the truth were admitted, controversial) set of ideas. If they didn't, they would hardly be so alert to the presence of a rival set of ideas in others. A card sharp is most likely to be detected by another card sharp; and these guys are alert to the approach of an ideology that threatens to displace the one they're attached to. It's dishonest of them to pretend that ideology only hit Washington in January 1981. But under the old and still-prevalent rules, only conservatism is labeled an ideology.

The Lawmakers, in which Duke also appears, manages to give the standard liberal twist to its coverage of Congress. The key technique is to describe the action, as far as possible, without using the word "liberal." A recent profile of Senator Robert Packwood was at pains to portray him—admiringly, of course—as a "moderate" who is hard to classify. His few conservative traits were stressed at first: he believes in applying the laws of arithmetic to fiscal policy. But he is troubled, on the other hand, by the present course of the Republican Party. He would like to see it more "open" to Jews, blacks, and women, who, one may gather, are unofficially discouraged from joining the GOP. He was shown striking heroic poses at an ERA morning-after rally (at which he spoke scornfully of "Ms." Schlafly), and his gorgeous conscience was on display in re the matter of abortion.

Liberals are forever talking about "conscience," the possession of which faculty, we are to understand, distinguishes them from their opponents. This spares them having to talk about their ideology. They are merely following the categorical imperative, you see. How can anyone be crass enough to attack them for that?

Liberal Republicans who do the conscience schtick can count on journalists flocking to them, eager to lavish nonpartisan admiration on anyone in the GOP enlightened enough to qualify for it. Even Barry Goldwater, whose conscience of a conservative used to ignite liberal snickers, got the full *60 Minutes* crew to pay homage when he attacked the Moral Majority and came out for abortion.

Conservatives as such don't have consciences. They have "theology." They are "ideologues" and "purists." Their distinguishing traits are uninspiring to moral-minded journalists. If a Jack Kemp is profiled, a different set of nuances comes into play—hints of fanaticism, rigidity, and so forth.

It isn't hard to guess how earnest *The Lawmakers*' admiration for the likes of Packwood is. It is men like Reagan and Kemp, not men like Packwood, who have broadened the appeal of the Republican Party. This feline advice to make the GOP "open" is designed to make it once more the party of the Fords—and the Doles.

Under the guise of reporting, TV journalists smuggle a hell of a lot of liberal propaganda onto the airwaves. You can judge how bad the situation is when you consider that a pair of them who have the integrity to do honest work are rewarded with a four-page hatchet job in *Harper's*. □

DELECTATIONS

THE WINE EXPLOSION

NIKA HAZELTON

The wine explosion continues merrily. Total production in the United States in 1976 came to 379 million gallons; in 1980 it was 486 million gallons. In California, where around 80 per cent of all American wine is made, wine-grape acreage grew from 179,854 acres in 1971 to 342,778 acres in 1981, white varieties showing the biggest increase and Cabernet Sauvignon (which California's

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best reds are made from) leading the red varieties.

All in all, better varieties of wine grapes predominated as plantings increased. This means, in the end, better wines. Also, in California—setting the pattern for the rest of the country—the number of bonded wineries increased from 344 in 1976 to 470 in 1980: in the Napa Valley alone the number increased from 71 in 1976 to 102 in 1980, and several have been added since that date. We also imported over 98 million gallons of table wine in 1981 but, because of foreign customs restrictions and general official chicanery, exported only about 7.5 million gallons. Italy was our largest supplier of imported wines, accounting for some 60 per cent of the total.

The wine explosion is not confined to the production and original sale of wine. There are, for example, wine auctions—both international (Heublein) and local (Napa, Sonoma, and other smaller ones)—where large sums of money are exchanged for rare and not so rare wines. There are also wine information letters of various degrees of validity; only one of these would I actually recommend, but I could hardly praise it too highly. It is Robert Finnigan's *Private Guide to Wines*, a monthly published at 724 Pine Street, San Francisco, California 94108 at $36 a year, and well worth the price for its reliable and intelligent information. Among Mr. Finnigan's virtues is the supreme one: he *buys his own wines to review*, rather than getting them from producers eager for you-know-what.

Meanwhile, the nation is studded with wine societies, wine courses, and wine accessories (objects, mostly useless). There is also an everlasting stream of releases from producers (puffery, mostly useless except for a few newsletters like those from the Sebastiani Winery and Simi Winery in California's Sonoma Valley, both very well written and full of useful and pertinent information).

In spite of this Sargasso Sea of wine stuff, U.S. wine consumption per capita remains very low and is increasing only at a snail's pace. The U.S. consumes per capita about 2.4 gallons a year, compared to France and Italy's per-capita consumption of some 25 to 26 gallons each year. In 1960, U.S. consumption was about half a gallon per capita and, over the last few years, it is said to have been increasing at around 10 per cent a year. It seems to me that the only con-

Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

LIBERALISM, like love, is a many-splendored thing. It sees, and responds to, every side of a situation, and it is never dogmatic. For instance, liberal government, which is perfectly capable of hounding you out of business as an enemy of society, thereupon proceeds to demand that you remain *in* business as a service to society, supplying jobs, wages, benefits, and a healthier tax base that provides liberal politicians with more money to play with.

"There is a movement afoot," writes Richard B. McKenzie in his introduction to *Plant Closings: Public or Private Choices?* (Cato Institute, 224 Second Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003; $5),

> that seeks to destroy one of the last remaining vestiges of the free-enterprise system in the United States: the right of the firm to close up shop. Make no mistake about it—this movement is well-financed, dug in, broadening its political support at the federal and state levels, and (especially when there is a rash of large-plant closings) attracting more and more media attention.
>
> The leaders of the movement at the federal level include Congressman William Ford (D., Mich.) and Senator Donald Riegle (D., Mich.). They have a growing number of followers on the political Left: Nader's Raiders, the Progressive Alliance (an assortment of 130 union, civil-rights, environmentalist, and feminist organizations), and, when restrictive legislation was last introduced in Congress in 1979, more than sixty congressmen.

Also notable within the movement are Senators Mondale, Kennedy, and Hart.

The argument, you see, is that when hard-pressed companies are forced to go out of business or move, the "victims" (every politician is surrounded by victims as a dog is surrounded by fleas) are the laid-off workers and their families, who suffer depression, illness, and an acute shortage of funds, and states and municipalities, which are swamped with the "social costs of dislocation" and paralyzed by the erosion of the tax base. So here's what to do about it: make it harder for firms to close, move, or reinvest their earnings by forcing them to give notice of their intentions to liquidate themselves a year or more in advance of the fact; to pay outrageous severance benefits to their erstwhile workers or keep them on salary for at least a year afterward; and to make "restitution payments" to the community. It is all adumbrated in the National Employment Priorities Act submitted to Congress in 1979.

THE VOLUME at hand, edited by Mr. McKenzie, is an effective attempt at marshaling the arguments against this arrogant, overbearing, and potentially disastrous policy. The counterarguments presented by the contributors collectively go a long way toward exploding a number of sacred myths about plant closings and unemployment. Chief among these myths are the following:

1. The main reason for unemployment in the Northeast is the relocation of manufacturing plants to the Sunbelt. *Wrong*: the paramount reasons are firm "deaths" and "contractions." Moreover, the loss of manufacturing jobs is largely compensated for by jobs created by new non-manufacturing companies.

2. The reinvestment of a company's profits in the community will produce a "multiplying effect." *Wrong* again: "Apparently the backers of these bills fail to see that the passage of restrictive legislation in their states will place their states at a serious competitive disadvantage in their attempts to attract industry. They fail to realize that restrictions ultimately translate into a 'tax' on businesses, their workers, and the consumers of their products, and that any restriction on plant closings is also a restriction on openings."

3. Relative prosperity in the South is necessarily detrimental to the North. *Ridiculous*: as should be apparent on the face of it.

Despite the fact that the case for restriction sounds amazingly similar to the mercantilist theory of the eighteenth century, McKenzie warns us we are about to hear more from these birds. □

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clusion to be drawn from the official figures is that those who already drank wine are drinking more of it.

To wean our basically nonvinous public from its soda-pop habit the wineries now are coming out with the so-called "light" wines, which are lower in alcoholic content and generally blander. Inexpensive wines are marketed increasingly in economy sizes, and the California wine giants (Gallo, Almaden, United Vintners, etc.) are upgrading the image of their wines by stressing the varieties of the grapes from which they are made, rather than indulging in the dear old meaningless generic names such as Burgundy or Chablis or Rhine, for wines which bear little if any relation to their European prototypes. By the same token, wineries like Robert Mondavi now make wines chastely called White or Red Table Wines. These, especially since they are now vintage-dated, are excellent everyday wines; they are not expensive by California premium wine prices, though not cheap by California mass-wine prices either.

THE POSITIVE side of the wine explosion is that you now can find restaurants with great wine lists. One such place is Sparks Steak House at 210 East 46th Street in Manhattan (212-687-4855). In appearance the place is a typical old-fashioned American steakhouse, with the most wonderful steaks (a category of food I can tolerate only when absolutely perfectly done) on a standard steakhouse menu of a few meat and fish offerings (all excellent).

If the food is first-rate, the wine list is absolutely extraordinary. One closely printed 18½-inch by 12-inch page is devoted to American wines, the other to imports. All the great American wines are here, at very reasonable prices. You can get a Château St. Jean Riesling for $13.95, the new California Georges Duboeuf Beaujolais (1980) for $11 (it is very good), and the great Robert Mondavi 1968 Cabernet Sauvignon for $75, a heap of money in itself but reasonable for this great rarity.

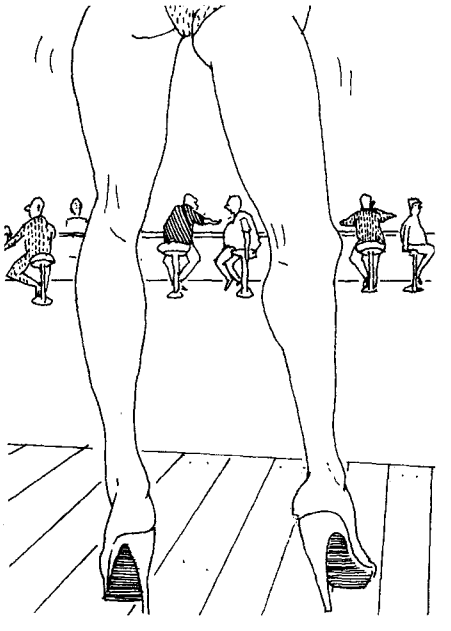
The imports are equally distinguished, especially the collection of old Bordeaux wines, many of which are rarities. Among the Italian imports I recently had a very fine 1971 Barolo Fontanafredda La Rosa for $24. Another good red is the 1974 Rainoldi Grumello for $12.50. A rare Italian is the Chianti Ruffino Riserva Ducale Gold Label of the year 1947 which goes for $160. As you see, there is something for everybody and everything is good, and personally chosen by Pat Cetto, the owner, a Brooklynite of Italian descent who has combined the best of the wine and the food worlds—and very successfully so to judge from the crowds, which make reservations necessary. I cannot recommend Sparks enough for fine steak, fish, and wine. □

The GIMLET EYE

WORKING WOMEN: A TOPLESS DANCER

D. KEITH MANO

She shifts her semi-nakedness around: lug and shove, urge. A pink spotlight will harp on it above. Until now, I didn't know that buttocks could be shrugged. They call such business dancing, her sixth half-hour set tonight. Juke music has papered the house with blat and shrill. Maybe ten men sit in this Queens Irish bar at 2 A.M. Maybe three are watching Cheryl still. But patiently she will flesh out the night: motion that's supposed to be sensual yet is, in fact, rather like a pantomime for yanking your stuck window shade down inch by inch. Don't misinterpret me: Cheryl is choice stock and lush as a Stratolounger. But her almost nudity seems more problematic than sensational here: like a poverty trove. Even her image in the wall-length mirror appears inattentive. Kinda hard when your narcissism is unrequited as well.



Me, I've just written a full screen treatment from nix in six days and am power-chugging bourbon to kill my wild head off. Cheryl is clothed now, smaller, less of a stark contrast. Her alternate has begun tossing skin around on stage. Near the bar our conversations tablehop and meet by chance. I'm a writer, so? Oh, novels. Um, also *Playboy* and *Esquire*. Cheryl isn't wonder-shot. Well, NATIONAL REVIEW. "You're kidding," she says, "who are you?" I tell her my name. "God," she blurts, undressed by amazement, "The Gimlet Eye." And I just stare at Cheryl: like maybe she had drawn half an anaconda from her nose.

Here, gentlemen, I must inform you that in seven, eight years of plugging up this space, *no one* has *ever* recognized me as The Gimlet Eye. Not on college campus or Sutton Place elite-meet. A blood donor is better known to his constituency. And now this, well, this *topless dancer* is asking me what I think of *Wealth and Poverty*. I order a bourbon chaser. Worse, it seems that the girl on stage just finished her second year at UCLA law. Another is at Juilliard, another at NYU med. A generation put through school by their breasts. I've found a damned dark salon on Northern Boulevard. Talk about adventures in the skin trade.

"I can average eight hundred a week, tax free. That's for a 26-hour week." Gilder should read Cheryl. She does horticulture professionally: could be she'll open her own business soon or finish a science degree. "You get ten per hour in New York, 12 in Jersey. I freelance, but occasionally I use a booking agent: he takes a dollar per hour. With tips, on a good night, in a good bar, five or six times I've made more than three hundred." Enough for her subscription to *The American Spectator* at least. And, as though signaled by a prompter, two bar-bent patrons pass Cheryl on their stumble out. Each will snap her one damp Abe Lincoln. It's a tribute: sort of the way a bridge toll is. Men are polite in Queens. "First time I performed, I wished the floor would just open up and grab hold of me, it was that bad. Another girl I heard of, her first audition she fainted, she just went out cold on the stage. But, like anything else, you get used to it. Most of

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the time it's very easy. I just do my job and get out."

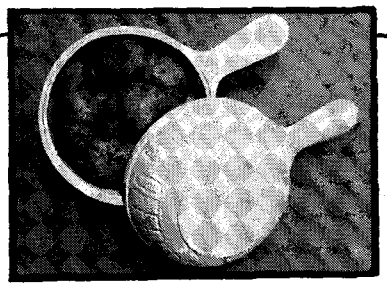
Bars perpetuate the night. Even at noon they keep a male, unfatherly, unhusbandly time of day: that peculiar hour when the prey is weak at last and kills can be made. A bar will depend on inconclusive darkness to unspring your biological clock. So cave men, trapped, must once have lost their sense of linear sunlight and order. Some night stalker, yes, might choose this bar over that bar because Cheryl here promises the vapid sinuation of her bright flesh—yet I doubt if topless dancing would draw much without liquor, music, and other-maleness. What her totem presence will reinforce is a general dislocated sensibility. We aren't familiar with strange female skin at your bare arm's length. Liquor can do it for metabolism and bleated music for normal speech: there is a gap in the human continuum. But at this bar men are chaperoned by management: no flashing, no suggestive self-touch, a woman can't leave the stage except fully dressed. You'd be hard put to find much sexual hope or stimulus here: gum massage is more erotic. Meanwhile the women strip-mine enough for tuition to, God, Yale in one summer of bumped grinds. And I had male children only.

"I've talked to people that've been associated with topless bars—dancers and patrons—for years. They say that it works out 70 per cent lonely men and 30 per cent sex-crazed guys that just can't seem to get it anywhere else, so they come in and they at least see it for real and fantasize. They're usually very cordial. I mean they're not sending you notes that say, 'Thirty minutes for a hundred dollars.' It's eye contact, friendliness that counts. The girl could stand there totally bottomless, and it wouldn't increase her tips. I can get on stage and just, you know, pull my hair up and roll my eyes and look like I'm enjoying myself and they respond to my good-naturedness. But in my mind, of course, I put the shield down."

We are each, to some degree, rewarded for affability—by employer or friend or civil servant. It's part of the social contract, after all. But our assumption, true or untrue, should be that connective tissue will take eventually. Toplessness, qua toplessness, isn't super-immoral: it ranks just beneath nude art modeling probably. But some soft cortex must wear off the soul: even as forlorn men get bums-rushed further into loneliness and distraction by the habit of fantasizing. There is an agreement to defraud here: where courtesy and passion interact. No matter what a woman majors in, that has to be a dangerous core-curriculum for her spirit. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MASTERS OF CARICATURE, *edited by Ann Gould, introduction and commentary by William Feaver (Knopf, 240 pp., $25).* Here we have Lives of the Artists: brief



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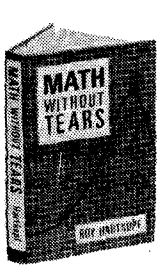

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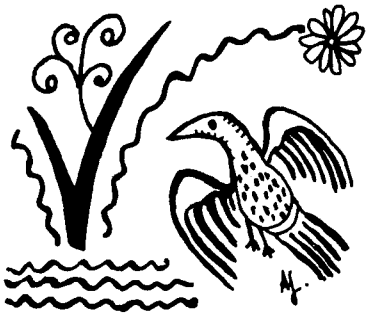
commentary on the lives and work of the great caricaturists arranged as a reference volume. Included is information you will find nowhere else. Daumier, Doré, Tenniel, and Nast are all profiled, but so are the excellent and little-known artists of the post-Civil War political magazines *Puck* and *Judge*. *Vanity Fair*'s "Spy" (Leslie Ward) and "Ape" (Carlo Pellegrini) are each placed under the glass, but so are *The New Yorker*'s Ralph Barton (whose fortunes "rose and fell with the 1920s," and who committed suicide in 1932, after four marriages) and the Mexican anthropologist Miguel Covarrubias, whose work appeared everywhere from *Esquire* to *Time* in the 1920s and '30s. As well, there are features on the various moderns, including some by-now redundant material on the masters of our own age: Ronald Searle, David Levine, and Edward Sorel. Feaver, an art critic, offers just enough in this work to make it comprehensive; he is also a passable stylist. Describing such old British masters as Cruikshank, Hogarth, Rowlandson, and Gillray, he writes, "Here, as in Restoration comedy, as in *opera buffa*, characters took on the dimension of fops and boobies. The thin were made skeletal, the fat were impossibly distended. The courtiers fawned, the scolds raged, the villains strutted." But he does his best service in reprinting the definition by Annibale Carracci, highly regarded by Hogarth, which has not yet been surpassed: "Is not the caricaturist's task exactly the same as that of the classical artist? Both see the lasting truth beneath the surface of mere outward appearance. Both try to help nature accomplish its plan. The one may strive to visualize the perfect form and to realize it in his work, the other to grasp the perfect deformity, and thus reveal the very essence of a personality. A good caricature, like every work of art, is more true to life than reality itself." JOE MYSAK

THE STONE MONKEY: *An Alternative Chinese-Scientific Reality, by Bruce Holbrook (Morrow, 408 pp., $15).* An argument for science the Chinese way by a man with an axe to grind. Holbrook toiled nine years learning the intricacies of his subject, part of the time with a practitioner of traditional medicine on Taiwan, only to be roundly chastised upon his return to the West. His teachers at Yale expected a critique from their industrious grad student. What they got were sermons. The gold needles of acupuncture, the wheels of yin-yang, the serenity, the simple ways had won a convert who fast became an impassioned missionary. Yale would have none of it. Holbrook was told to calm down and write a scholarly thesis or else go away. He gave them what they wanted. But as soon as he had his diploma he wrote again—from the heart. The result, this book, runs on anger. It is lively for that reason but also, perhaps, unreliable. Holbrook tells of a system of scientific thinking that places man firmly at the center. It makes for scientists at once homely and perceptive. They decry atom-smashing as an affront to the order of nature. They treat the photon as a particle with a mind of its own. The West, Holbrook says, favors extremes: a patient is either sick or well; he may be both sick and well according to the Chinese view. This sort of ambiguity may be exasperating but, as Holbrook argues, it is at the root of obvious Chinese medical successes like acupuncture. It also runs deep in their resilient, and quite charming, social system. There is a rule in traditional Chinese villages that a rich man must give one of his children to a poor family. Wealth pours into the adopted household on account of the well-born child, and prosperity gains a broader domain. Holbrook's ire cannot dim the effect of such examples. But it nevertheless leaves one grateful for his extensive bibliography. There must be among those names an author capable of interpreting the queer logic of the Chinese system with a level head. Westerners, for all their faults, appreciate that. PAUL T. HORNAK

DOROTHY DAY: *A Biography, by William Miller (Harper & Row, 527 pp., $18.95).* From Butler to the Bollandists, hagiography has had a double purpose. One is to tell it as it was (more or less); the other is to make the reader a better person. Professor Miller succeeds admirably on both planes of effort. Personal acquaintance with his subject and access to previously unresearched material has provided a moving portrait, warts and all, of an authentic latter-day saint who called her own life *The Long Loneliness* and her daily perceptions *On Pilgrimage*: on the second count, he has afforded a testimonial that grace can work its will in the most unlikely *milieux* from the secular materialism of Bohemia to the infantile, if well-meaning, leftism of the Catholic Worker movement. Best of all, he has given us an exemplary life embodying what Anne Fremantle has called the greatest line outside the Gospels: *virtus est ordo amoris.* GERALD T. DUNNE



WAUGH

(Continued from page 1152)

to the Royal Family showbiz package.

Perhaps to discuss the monarchy in showbiz terms will be thought irreverent, even disrespectful. I hope not. Like most loyal Britons, I feel an enormous respect and love for the Queen. I would even own to an admiration for Prince Philip, and an affection for the Prince of Wales as well as an adoration for his Princess and a loyal fascination with their progeny. The monarchy has many useful roles, and Britain would be an immeasurably more boring country without it, just as Thailand would be, but it will wither and die without that essential element of gossip, of black sheep, of a Bad or Malevolent Fairy at the christening of our young Prince. Willie Hamilton, for all his qualities, is simply not up to the role, and if the Princess-Dame takes it on, she will earn the gratitude of the entire nation.

My late father used to give as his reason for not voting in parliamentary elections that he would not presume to advise his Sovereign on her choice of ministers. Nor, in the normal course of events, would I, but since her Prime Minister has proved deaf to the most sensible suggestions, I wonder if I might grovelingly submit a humble petition to Her Majesty. If anything in this article has displeased her, this is because her prime ministers have discontinued the practice of creating hereditary peers, so there is no incentive for any of us to behave ourselves. Perhaps she might graciously consider advising her next prime minister to resume these creations. Then I, for one, will immediately start trying to be respectable and take an interest in sickies, oldies, blacks, women, and all the other things which are supposed to engage the attention of respectable persons.

Finally, one of the more moronic newspapers—I forget which—last week suggested that Her Majesty might consider making Mrs. Thatcher a Lady of the Garter for her victory in the Falklands. This was a particularly idiotic suggestion, as the only Ladies of the Garter are also Queens. Nor has Mrs. Thatcher done anything to deserve it. If she were made one, it would almost certainly spark off a revolution. But there *is* a vacancy among the Knights Companion. I do not know if Her Majesty is familiar with the writings of Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne . . . □

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 1140)

White House correspondent Andrea Mitchell."

Here Miss Savitch was correct. She had herself made the opening remarks about Reagan favoring the rich, but the specific distortion was uttered by Miss Mitchell.

We go, finally, to the transcript of that night's NBC News:

"SAVITCH: The Congressional Budget Office today said the Reagan tax cuts will aid the rich at the expense of the poor. In a report prepared for the House and Senate budget committees, the CBO said the wealthy will save on taxes, while the nation's poor lose federal benefits. . . . We have two reports, first White House correspondent Andrea Mitchell:

"MITCHELL: . . . This report found that families earning less than $10,000 a year will lose three times as much in federal benefits as those earning $80,000 or more. And poor families get much less from the Reagan tax cut. The report says the $10,000-a-year family will save $120 in taxes, while the $80,000-a-year family gets a $15,000 tax break."

So: 1) I accuse NBC of an inaccuracy. 2) A syndicated columnist, without checking, assumes NBC was accurate. 3) NBC asserts that it was accurate, notwithstanding that the transcript is easily available. 4) Miss Savitch reasserts that NBC was accurate.

Does nobody care?

"The combined circulation of NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Reader's Digest* is 16,100,000." "NATIONAL REVIEW'S circulation, taking an average, is 8,050,000."

Good reporting?

Footnote. The Congressional Budget Office report being quoted includes a revelation Miss Savitch *didn't* quote in her report to the American people. To pass along the *New York Times*'s (February 28, 1982) summary of it: "The net effect of the changes, by 1985, is to reduce the incomes of the poorest families by an average of three-tenths of 1 per cent. . . ." □

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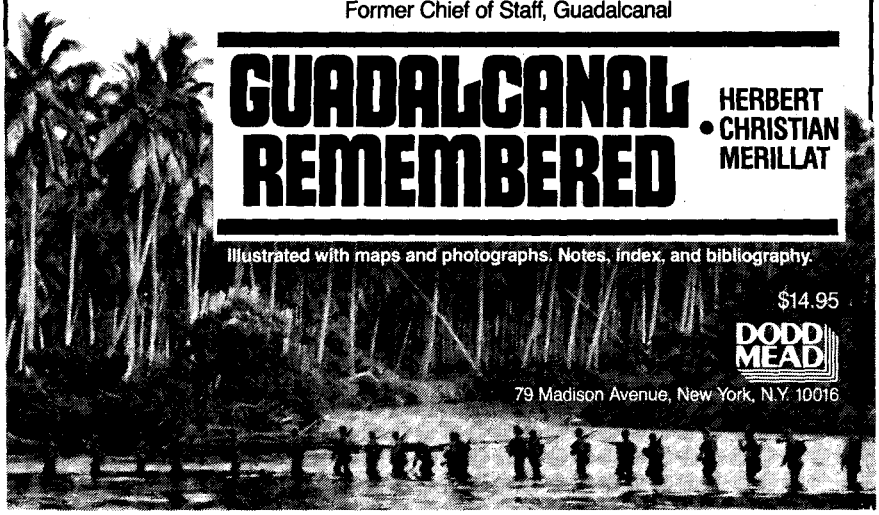

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Taxing Business?

On The Right

New York, Aug. 25—The *New York Daily News* has for generations been renowned for its saucy headlines. One can accordingly imagine the glee in the eye of the headline writer when he composed the headline to accompany the story of Mr. Reagan's trip to Billings, Montana to whip up sentiment for the Dole bill: "WE MUST HIKE TAXES: REAGAN."

Granted such comic inversions are common in politics ("We Must Have Peace—Brezhnev"; "We Must Balance Budget—Kennedy"). But Mr. Reagan is in a class apart from normal politicians. His ascendancy grew out of his adherence to principle, and as a man of theatrical background he must have anticipated the fun that will be made of his apparently paradoxical position, which writers more explicitly given to exploitation than the *News*'s headline writers might put down as: "Reagan Explains How to Lower Taxes by Raising Them."

I have already written that I think Mr. Reagan is taking more punishment than he deserves for his tergiversation.

But the bill continues insufficiently analyzed, and today's lesson is on the unfortunate habit some people have of distinguishing "business," or "corporations," on the one hand, from "individuals," or "people," on the other. There are subtle differences, of course, but on the whole it is safe to say that all taxes hit everybody. Sure, if you have a tax levied only on a chinchilla coat or on a black-eyed pea, people don't get hurt who don't eat black-eyed peas in their chinchilla coats. But in general, the individual gets hit: whether you call it an income tax, an excise tax, or a corporate tax.

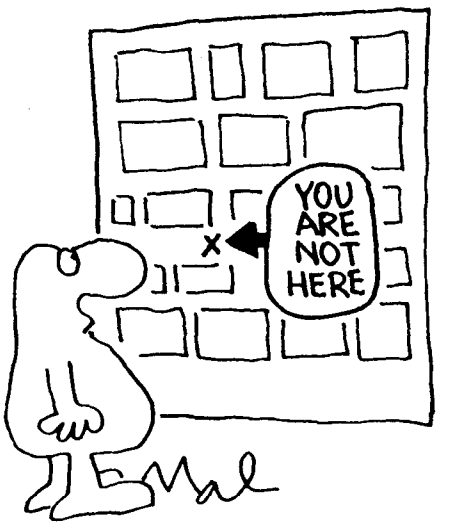
Now Mr. Reagan's principal counteroffensive lamentably tends to slur this distinction, by pointing out for instance that 80 per cent of the new taxes aimed at individuals have to do with compliance (and loopholes), and that 50 per cent of the whole are aimed at corporations. Now although it is true that taxes aimed at corporations are ultimately paid by individuals, it is also true that taxes aimed at individuals via corporations can kill off a lot of corporations. We are unlikely as individuals to face a shortage of tomato soup, but marginal corporations engaged in producing tomato soup can go out of business if their corporate overhead rises to the point where they cannot compete.

In the 1981 tax reduction bill, the Reagan Administration helped individuals directly and business directly. Under the *Dole bill*, two-thirds of all the help given to corporations would be eliminated, leaving some firms, it turns out, actually worse off than when the original bill was passed.

CONSIDER the proposal to withhold 10 per cent on dividends and interest:

There are sixty million taxpayers who report dividend or interest income. Now as things stand, 48 million taxpayers overestimate their income. One can imagine the flurry of paper activity: all taxpayers who deem themselves exempt write to all institutions (they average five per saver) filing forms—all corporations, government agencies, nonprofit organizations, individuals with less than $600 of tax liability, couples with less than $100 liability, elderly individuals with less than $1,500 liability, elderly couples with less than $2,500 liability. Meanwhile, overpayment comes in the form of prepayment. If $100 of the June dividend of $1,000 goes to the Treasury, reimbursed only the following April as overpayment, the government has deprived the saver of ten months' use of $100. The chairman of the economic policy committee at Citibank goes so far as to predict that the added costs imposed on the public in carrying out the proposed law would end up roughly matching the additional revenues the government hopes to collect.

In a word, here is a tax both on individuals and on business, with scant prospect of accomplishing anything at all.



Question (by Survey Research Center, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, directed at business executives): "Thinking of the federal deficit, which of the following would you favor—raising taxes, reducing spending, doing both, or doing neither." Affirmative answers to raising taxes and doing nothing were statistically invisible. "Reducing spending" came out with twice as many votes as "doing both."

It is interesting that that poll of executives differs very little from the Gallup poll of the general public, which last spring registered its preference for reduced expenditures (44 per cent) over increased taxes (4 per cent). A lot of voters know that taxing—even taxing business—is really no different from autotaxation. "WE MUST HIKE TAXES: REAGAN"—indeed! Tell it to the Marines, in behalf of whom, by the way, we do need to spend more. □

TAX BILL POSTMORTEM

New York, Aug. 27—As one reviews the events surrounding the tax bill, snippets stay in the memory.

There were the citizens' comments carried by CBS after the President's speech. We were given to believe that the commentators were randomly chosen. There were seven, approximately, and only the last man interviewed said anything that approached reason. He said, If you spend a lot of money, you have to raise a lot of money, right? Half right. You can finance the difference by inflating the currency, which is what we have been doing. Or you can liquidate the difference by stimulating extra revenues. It is generally conceded that more business is done, and therefore more taxes are paid, when the climate for doing business is clement. The four traditional enemies of commerce are 1) tariffs; 2) monopolies (corporate or trade-union); 3) regulation; 4) taxes. It doesn't, then, absolutely follow that if you spend a lot of money you ought to raise taxes.

Mr. and Mrs. America other than the gentleman quoted showed that they learn their economics from the seven o'clock news, which is an invitation to economic illiteracy. They grumbled about how business was getting all the breaks, and the

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rich people, rather than the poor and the unemployed. It appears never to have occurred to most Americans that the only way to get employed is for business to succeed. Whereas a few years ago we all were told night after night about the huge profits being made by American corporations, there is very little attention being given to the parlous circumstances of American corporations today. It is this central point that mostly saddens, in consideration of Mr. Reagan's tax bill. I mean, the notion that it is possible, in the end, to distinguish between corporate success and consumer success.

In 1972, 15.5 per cent of IRS revenues were being brought in by business. It is an invitation to indistinction to say that in 1972 businesses were "paying" 15.5 per cent of government overhead. Business is merely a tax-*collector*, like cigarettes, or airplanes, or telephones. But businesses that deal with products for which the demand is not inflexible wither when assigned too much tax-collecting to do. Between 1970 and 1980 individual income taxes were more than doubled—not by congressional action, but by inflation. Since business deductibles rose with inflation, the relative contribution of the business tax-collectors slightly declined. By 1980, American business was collecting 12.5 per cent of all tax revenues.

Mr. Reagan's 1981 bill sought to reduce the tax-collection function of business by extending various breaks. So that the 1982 estimates are that business will contribute 8 per cent of tax revenues. But by the time the current bill is in swing, in fiscal 1984, that 8 per cent will go back up to where it was—12.5 per cent. An estimated two-thirds of the relief given to business tax-collection has been repealed by the current law. Perhaps the principal damage caused by this operation is the encouragement given to those who believe that business tax-collection is in any crucial sense different from general tax-collection. You could, after all, do away with the individual income tax entirely—just tax business by an extra $300 billion. Then go out and buy a loaf of bread, and answer the question: Who is actually paying the tax?

The thinking, then, is scrambled. Business and tax delinquents are going to pay the lion's share of the new taxes. Well, why do we need a fresh law to enforce existing law against tax cheats? Interesting point. Not well developed during the congressional debate.

Still, under the circumstances, one should be glad that the bill was passed. Mr. Reagan is valuable to the Republic to the extent that he remains a national leader. If he had failed to carry Congress on this one, who knows, he might have failed to get his next appointment to the Supreme Court confirmed. "By common calculation," Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* wrote, "defeat would have been a disaster for the President, crippling not only the public view of his ability to lead economic policy but his capacity to push legislation through Congress in the future. 'It would have been the effective end of the Reagan Presidency in Congress,' said one Republican close to the Senate leadership." And that we cannot afford. Not even rich American corporations, if there are any left. □

HOW MUCH IS HE WORTH?

New York, Aug. 30—It is never tactful to ask someone how much money he has, but it is also untactful to preside, as José López Portillo has done, over an economy that finds itself facing, by year's end, a $75-billion debt. Twelve years ago, before the awful Echeverría came to power, that figure was $3 billion. And, ironically, in between came the largest oil discoveries in recent history. Mexico has marched toward bankruptcy *pari passu* with the rediscovery of how infinitely wealthy the country is in natural resources, wealthier than Japan and West Germany combined.

The corruption in Mexico can no longer be dismissed as an indigenous quaintness. I once pointed out that while I was living in Mexico years ago, a retiring president took with him not only the furniture of Los Pinos (the Mexican White House); but also the light bulbs. This would appear excessive, would it not, but the point of the story is that when word got out, the Mexican people (whose sense of humor is a national characteristic) thought it absolutely charming. Why else would a man go into politics except, in the classical formulation, "to enhance his fortune by political rather than economic means." Speculation on the question, How much money is José López Portillo worth? tends, in the nature of things, to run high. But I have not seen an informed estimate that places the figure at less than $1 billion.

The next question is: Is this any of our business? The breakdown of Mexico is front-page news. The sham of Mexican democracy is not our business, true. But we have made it our business to rescue Mexico, or at least to defer its collapse, by pre-paying $1 billion on oil and gas purchases. Meanwhile it is whispered that some American banks have as much as 90 per cent of their capital out to Mexico in loans, and that the banking community is frozen in fear of a Mexican default. Some day it should be made plainer why it is the responsibility of the American people, acting through Congress, to bail out American banks that have made irresponsible loans, whether to Mexico, or to the Eastern bloc.

If indeed there is crisis, what are the prospects that the successor to López Portillo, Miguel de la Madrid, will ameliorate the crisis? The easy answer is that, in fact, he has no alternative but to do so. But although he is a graduate of the Harvard Business School, during his political campaign Mr. Madrid selected as a campaign slogan, "Not one step backward!" which to be sure was totally inconsistent with another campaign declaration, namely, "My goal is the moral renewal of Mexico." Madrid even hinted at more of the same. "Business firms in Mexico during the last half of the twentieth century are no longer private property, but social property." Right. And they also no longer make money, for the most part; they lose money. Money taken from the people in taxes, paid to the politicians in graft, and borrowed from sucker banks and governments abroad.

MANY Mexicans, this time around, listened to the opposition. The most eloquent of the other candidates was Pablo Emilio Madero, a prosperous engineer, and nephew of the first Mexican president after the fall of Porfirio Díaz. Madero based his campaign on reform, and he cited as the principal malefactors the highest members of the reigning political party, the PRI. It turns out, would you believe it, that only 27 of the 905 state-owned corporations are even subject to audit. Madero asked that the Banco de Mexico release the names of big dollar-purchasers in recent months, causing one columnist to write, "They can't do that! They'd catch 95 per cent of the administration." Congressmen have solicitously excused themselves from paying any income tax. The situation is thoroughly rotten. "Touch a scalpel to any part of the body politic," Madero chose the gruesome metaphor, "and the pus spurts out."

We are back then to the question of U.S. responsibility. Surely, we should 1) set into motion legislation that would lift the guarantees of federal deposit insurance from banks that lend irresponsibly abroad, including to foreign governments; 2) face, before it is too late, the problem of our porous frontier—there is too much economic distress already, without the need to import more of it; 3) insist, in our negotiations with Mexico, that government-backed loans tie in directly to Mexican oil reserves; and 4) make it plainer than we have done that if Mexico continues in its sycophancy toward Castro and the Soviet Union (López Portillo's specialty) and in its activist aid to revolutionary movements in the Caribbean area, why then the next time the bankers want help, they should go to Moscow to get it; failing there, why, Havana; failing there, Managua; failing there, Grenada. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

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B. Slang for money — 63 85 19 1 92

C. One who takes notes (not a teller!) — 71 53 104 87 20 182 42 173 192

D. A young men's organization + Dixie in confusion = kids — 139 43 21 51 4 26

E. Another name for Etruscans — 142 22 45 98 70 12 159 6 36

F. Dividing — 156 191 160 148 55 113 7

G. An apparently (but not actually) sensible statement — 8 119 23 89 141 99 133 61 127

H. An insignificant person (don't look at me!) — 186 15 122 153 144 37 134 106 72

I. The great extensor muscle along the back of the upper arm — 3 38 180 82 95 97 13

J. What musicians will be in the next world — 11 175 74 187 107 123 152 167

K. Impartiality — 40 132 143 111 168 158

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O. What the Equal Rights Amendment girls did — 29 34 49 79 5 32 54

P. A Department of the national government — 101 16 177 118 188 81 90 96

Q. Baby talk for Wrigley Field, Chicago — 14 59 128 157 190 164 46 30 171

R. What the mortician's pupils' subjects were called — 83 18 39 58 73 9 93 138 62 137 185 147 154

S. The Communists call him "filthy" — 179 28 69 75 10 60 88 103 120 150

T. Esteeming in England — 94 121 25 162 109 91 50 35 64

U. A group of eight — 112 84 172 129 183

V. Ran — 116 181 131 65 189 110 165 41

W. A town in Clinton County, Iowa — 126 86 105 146 115 151 163 178 2 76

X. The National Education Association, politically — 149 33 47 155 66 80 117 125 130 140 161

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1170 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 B	2 W	3 I	4 D	5 O	6 E	7 F		8 G	9 R		10 S	11 J	12 E	13 I		14 Q	15 H		
16 P	17 A	18 R	19 B	20 C	21 E	22 E	23 G	24 N	25 T		26 D	27 M	28 S	29 O	30 Q		31 N		
32 O		33 X	34 O	35T	36 E	37 H	38 I	39 R	40 K	41 V		42 C	43 D		44 A	45 E	46 Q		
47 X	48 N	49 O	50 T	51 D		52 A	53 C	54 O	55 F	56 L	57 N	58 R	59 Q	60 S	61 G		62 R		
63 B		64 T	65 V	66 X	67 A	68 L		69 S	70 E	71 C	72 H	73 R	74 J		75 S	76 W			
77 N	78 M	79 O	80 X	81 P	82 I		83 R	84 U	85 B	86 W	87 C	88 S	89 G		90 P	91 T			
92 B	93 R	94 T	95 I	96 P		97 I	98 E	99 G	100A	101P	102N		103S	104C	105W	106H	107J		
108L	109T	110V	111K	112U	113F	114N		115W	116V		117X	118P	119G	120S	121T	122H			
123J	124N	125X	126W	127G		128Q	129U		130X	131V	132K	133G	134H	135L	136M	137R			
138R	139D		140X	141G	142E		143K	144H	145L	146W	147R	148F		149X	150S	151W	152J		
153H	154R		155X	156F		157Q	158K		159E	160F	161X		162T	163W	164Q	165V	166M		
	167J	168K	169L	170M	171Q		172U	173C		174A	175J	176N	177P	178W	179S	180I	181V		
182C	183U	184L		185R	186H		187J	188P	189V	190Q	191F	192C							

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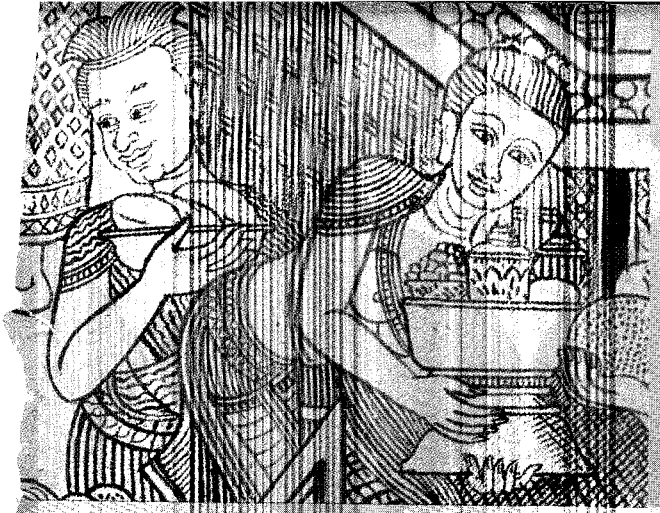

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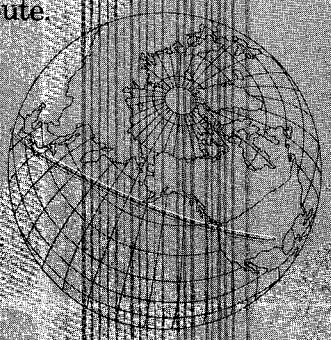

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